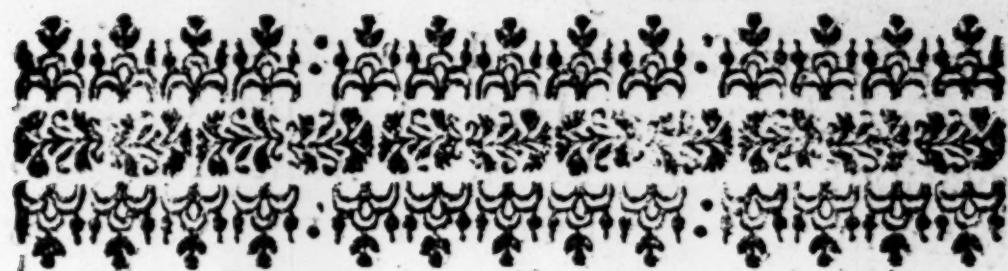


THE
FLOWER
OF
FIDELITY.

Relating exactly,
The various Adventures of
Three Foraign PRINCES, Intermixed
with variety of Letters and pleasant
Sonnets.

JOHN REYNOLDS,
BY
of Exon Merchant,
Author of that Excellent HISTORIE,
Entituled,
[God's Revenge against Murther.]

LONDON,
Printed by T. Mabb for George Badger, and
are to be sold at his Shop in St. Dunstans
Church-yard in Fleet-street. 1654.



TO
The Right Worshipful, his
loving father-in-Law,
Richard Waltham Esquire,
and Justice of Peace and Quorum
in the County of *Devon*:

JOHN REYNOLDS, your obedient Sonne,
*wisheth as much prosperity as the Gods can
distribute, or You desire.*

F the Golden Axioms (Right Worshipful) of Grave Pythagoras be authentical, I am then by the influence of his flourishing precepts induc'd to believe, that courtesies once received ought to be repai'd with thanks; which harmonical Nectar-sentence penetrating the (Dedalus) cittadel of my disrupt Muse,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

as also presenting th'Idæa of your kind-
nesse before the Theater of my contem-
plations ; I could in conceit reap no
(Ambrosian) applause of my capacity,
untill (although in *Baucis* homely dish) I
had presented you with the first *April*-fruits
of my cerebrosities extraction : by vertue of
which audacious resolution (arming my
Muse with obedience, and my Pen with
submissive humility) I have presum'd to
present you this my unpolished Pamphlet,
or rather to betake my *FLOWER OF*
FIDELITIE under the (benigne)
wings of your worthy patronage : the mate-
rial effect whereof (albeit deriv'd from the
Index of *Cytherea*) I have so overvailed with
the maske of chaste modesty, that I hope
not onely the apparition of scandalising me-
thod is abolished, but also the Physnomy
of superfluous amorous terms (which may
not correspond with the climate of your
complexion) utterly raz'd out. Accept
therefore, worthily Worshipful, this my
peevish Pamphlet, as the pledge of my zeal-
lous affection; and grace my *FLOWER*
OF FIDELITIE with this happi-
nessse, to be established in the fragrant Gar-
den

The Epistle Dedicatory.

den of your flourishing Library : so shall I esteem my Labours coroniz'd with the Laurel of content , my Muse invested with the exquisite Trophies of applause, and my selfe smooth'd up in the Terrestrial *Eden* of fortunate delectation.

*Your obedient son and
devoted servant*

JOHN REYNOLDS.

¶
A Sonnet sent by the Author
to all Beauteous and Vertuous
Gentlewomen.

*You Soveraigne Nymphs, whose Crimson-chrystral Dye
Obscures the taint of Juno's Lovely face,
You which for sumptuous Princeley Modesty
Like fair Diana through the streets do trace,
Come leave your taskes and with a gracious looke.
Peruse the method of my Pamphlet-Booke.*

*Therein doth no Lascivious pbrase remaine,
But onely sparkes of chaste FIDELITIE.
Wherfore sweet Nymphs let me this Boone obtain
That midst your triumphs in May's jollity.
Together with your Diapred Nosegayes fair
You will vouchsafe my faitful FLOWER to wear.*

F. R.



The Preface.

The generality of ingenious Philosophers, within whose industrious capacities Discretion sitteth triumphant, do in the sympathie of their resolutions confess, that there is no Love comparable to that which is built upon the Rock of Virtue; divine experience doth by (sacred) examples daily demonstrate us, that desires which exceed the limits of Honour, are always in the prime of their hopes meritoriously crost by some prejudicial misfortune: whereas on the contrary, Love grounded upon a sacred determination, doth not only most flourishingly live in fortunate prosperity, but likewise dieth in most blisful assured felicity: God at all times hateth a disloyal heart, and with the events of contention coronizeth that Love whose effects tend to unfained fidelity. The rage of Loves passions are great, and so great, that in a manner allesteeme Venus powerful; for first she (as mother) predestinateth, and then Cupid (as her obedient son) striketh whom she commands. By Nature all men are made of one essential substance, yet being produc'd under divers Planets, Love with her intricate authority doth

more

The Preface.

more torment some then others ; for beauty hath such power, and her power such vertue, that (in a manner) all Mortals are some times scorcht with the ardent flames of her tirannical recognisance ; as well Potentates, as Impotents , fight under the banner of Beauty ; and Cupid, the Paphian Archer, being blind, as soone strikes Robes as Rags ; Art can never displace the impression which Nature hath imprinted , nor Dignities ever avoid that which Divinity setteth down for a period. All men are subject to Love ; therefore no marvel if Love so seize the top of Princes conceits , that they build their external felicity upon enjoying their Mistris favour ; and lay their (sacred supposed) foundation of hope , in being inrolled a servant upon the memorial of their Saints contemplations : Touthful fancies very often run at randome ; yet being once in the field of love, vanquished by the prospect of some excelling beauty , they so render themselves captives to the (Circes) enchantments of partial complexions , that they will not onely ingage their constancy for the obtaining of their hearts desire ; but also pawn their lives , yea fidelities , for the establishing of their breasts contention ; as by the sequel of this ensuing History shall most manifestly appeare.

THE

THE FLOWER
OF
FIDELITY.



N the thrice renowned Island of *Cy-cilia*, (which being situated in the Center of the Mediteranean sea, is most gallantly embelished with the Treasure of *Ceres* and *Flora*) before ever the inhumane pride of ty-rannizing *Spain* domineered in these Quarters; there sometimes reigned a vertuous and valorous King named *Druyno*, whose skill in Martial exploits, and knowledge in industrious Sciences did no lesse daunt the courage of his professed enemies abroad, than with content satisfie the expectation of his loyal Subjects at home. Who having lived a long time with his beautifull Queen (and wife) *Gratiana*, without Issue, being daughter to *Polydor* King of *Barbaria*, had at last in his old declining age, when Reason would have induc'd men to believe that his hoary white hairs (as the Avant Courcours of *Tbanatos*) betokened a speedy death, A very gallant young Son; to the no little applause of his aged Father, and no lesse rejoicing of his (more than) joyful Subjects; who in stellification of their young Prince his Nativity, so sumptuously solemnized his

B

Birth

Birth with Heroical triumphs, that all forein travellers being spectators of their voluntary Bountifulnes, might condignly conjecture them (I mean the generality of true-hearted *Cicilians*) to be exactly ravished in an extasie of celestiall contention. Which Princely Babe being baptised with such pompous (magnificent) solemnity, as was correspondent to his Noble extraction, was in fine by the King his Father (with the consent of his honorable Parents) named *Thalneno*. Who being nurst with care, and disciplinatied by the most expert Martia ills of *Europa*; At the age of seven years, had so well profited in the (courageous) School of *Bellona*, that the Phisnomy of his face, as true Almanacks of future Qualities, did perfectly prognosticate that his Princely self would at the age of reason undoubt'dly merite to be triumphantly crowned with the superlative Laurel garland of Olimpian dignifi'd fame. Beautiful he was of complexion; more curiously resembling *Adonis* than *Paris*: Courteous he was of demeanour; for his benignity surpassed the affability of *Alexander*: And more than exceeding discretes he was of Capacity; for that from his supereloquent Tongue flew the very enchanting Phrases of admired *Demosthenes*. So that as Nature had surpassed her (intricate) skill, in framing him outwardly most excellent; Art likewise had bestowed her chiefl curiositie in bedecking the Temple of his Cerbrosity with the prime of ingenious industry. *Paris*, if she had heard his report, would have praised his perfection: *Juno*, if she had seen his Personages, should have forsaken her *Jupiter*: and the Syrenes them-

themselves, if they had settled their sights upon the soyl of his Physnomie, would have withdrawn their melody from fearful *Ulisses*, and tun'd the harmony of their Voyces to invest onely *Thalmeno* their Favourite; who in the bloomy spring-time of his tender Juvenility demonstrated so many vertuous Apparitions of his Princely towardnesse, that King *Druyno* his Father rendred many millions of thanks to sacred *Jeboab* for giving him so sweet a Sonne; and his joyful *Cicilians* yielded devout gratulations to Goddess Fortune, for affording them so gallant an Heir to their flourishing Empire. Which Heroical young Prince being the very Map of Modesty, the Patron of Piety, and the Flower of Audacious Magnanimity; had no sooner made the Horologe of Time sound the year fifteenth of his age, but hauing from his cradle his tosticaed conceits fixt upon renowned Travel, did upon the Rock of his valorous Resolutions so constantly determine to try what the event of his Princely fortunes might be, that youthful (yet Majestical) desires, still kindling within the embers of his heroical affection, did at last so flame to the absolute fire of a desperate Determination, that hap life or death *Thalmeno* resolved, and in resolving vowed to passe the blasts of *Boreas* and streams of *Neptune*; the better to adorn the storehouse of his conceits, with the strange Accidental sights of some foreign Novelties. But here a main battel of incumbrances began to pitch a million of Doubts in the inspiring Cell of his Imaginations: For first considering, that to depart sans Conge, were to bereave his Father of his onely

Comfort, and to forsake *Cicilia* were to withdraw his flaske of Consolation; (The which precedent premiis considering) he again resolved to entomb his military Resolution in the evaporating dust of Oblivion: so that smothering up the submissive Motives of Obedience in the concavity of Self-will; and pricking forward the superbitie of his sensos with dignified Spur of honour; he lastly resolved, that maugre the effects of Fortune, or the treachery of Time, very soon to depart. But this his private Secrecy was not so surely conceal'd in silence, but the news ihercof arrived (to the Harbour of his cousin *Palmer* understanding, being onely Sonne to *Blitgora* King of Egypt, who having his capacity tickled with the exquisite Etymology thereof, could reap no perfect rest of his disturb'd Contemplation, untill he had engaged himself a Participant of his Cousins adventurous proceedings. Whereupon finding *Thalmeno* in the Arboury desolate, he very familiarly began to discover him the Phisnomy of his audacious resolution: The which Zephyr-novelty *Thalmeno* no sooner understand, but being in conceit with celestiall Applause ravished, in that he found so Princely comparter of his future fortunes, he to the purity of affectionate intreayt most soon condescended: So that each taking a Page, with such commodious necessaries as was besetting their Voyage, they very closely in a night (when the Moon being overshadowed with obscure Clouds, seemed to condescend to their resolutions) most secretly departed, directing their course to *Trapani* one of the cittieſt Ports

Ports in *Cicilia*; where finding an *Argazil* ready to set sail, bound for the Country of *Arabia* they instantly (with rejoicing contemplations, being glad that Dame Fortune had so soon provided them speedy passages, without making the King, Court, or Commons acquainted with their pretence) imbarqued themselves. Who after finding these two tender Princes absent; what sorrowful mournings, melancholly aggravations and distempered dolefulness was in all places, but especially in the Palace-Resident, I referre to the discreet Readers impartial censure. And in respect that our History dependeth not on their Bewailings, but on the adventurous proceedings of our Bloomy young Princes; I will for a while leave their sorrows to be comforted by the *Dictamnum* of patience: And return again to the azured Common-wealth of *Neptune*, whereon these our Princely Parogons were fortunately sailing; who tracing upon the Deck, not onely reaped exquisite applause, to see the *Armatbo* furiously cut through the surges of the Seas, but also enjoyed the Prerogative of delectable exhilaration in beholding the Zephyr-Gale fairly blow the Swanlike Sails from the superbious Mast. Which so long lasted, that in time they were fortunately come within kenne of their desired Port; whereat the whole company, but especially our two young Princes rejoicing, they forthwith generally rendred many millions of zealous gratulations to Divine Jove, in that so favourably he had blest them with wished for successe: who seeing their *Argazil* at an Anchor, and having invested,

themselves with fresh Habiliments, did thereupon forthwith entreat the Master to set them ashore, which immediately was accomplished: At whose triumphant departure, the heroical Mariners let flye such a thundering peal of Ordnance, that the Report thereof rebounding from the concavity of the clity Shores, not onely made these our valorous Martialists tremble, but also terrified Bellona her self (being resident) in the citadel of her celestial Monarchy, but the brumy smoak thereof being evaporated with the freshnesse of the furious wind, our Princely Gallants instantly attained the Shores, and royally rewarded the Boatsens gang; they betook themselves to the commencing of their desperate adventures, where through the *African Deserts* they solitarily so long travelled, that at last being destitute of victuals, and not finding wherewith to content nature (in respect these parts were un-inhabited) they passionately tracing these unknown *Groves*, very grievously began to exclaim upon the inhumane disaster of their miserable calamities; but in vain, for they saw no food to replenish their hungry appetites, unlesse to have brutishly fed upon unknown roots; which exactly they disdained, hoping ere long to harbour themselves in some homely *Cottage*, where with rustical *Cates* they might appease their gormandising hunger: Upon the foundation of which hope, advancing their pace, they at last came to the descent of a deep *Valley*, wherewith a faint courage very pensively walking, they through the thicket of an ancient *Forrest* might espie the *Architecture*

ecture of some domestical Mansion, which to their sorrowful contemplations, producing unexpected encouragement, they arming themselves with audacity, thereunto directed their course; where being to the outer gate arrived, they beheld a famous Castle of sumptuous edifice, but solitarily situated in the Center of the aforesaid Forrest, that the wind piercing most dolefully through the branches of the lofty Cedars, made such a mournful murmur of disconsolate melody, that the dolefulness thereof drove our two young Princes into a very distasteful conceit of effeminate despair: but at last hunger constraining them, they resolved to enter; where opening the outer-gate, they past the first Court without espying any; and entering the second they beheld a delicious Court most ingeniously paved with illustrious Marble, which very stately was circumferenc'd with a sumptuous arch'd Gallery, propp'd up by pillars of bright shining Alabaster; from which by chance reflecting their ey's, they forth-with saw a sweet amiable Lady, which under the umbrage of a Fig-tree sate recreating her senses with the dulcid sound of a delectable Lute, and thereunto contracting her Angelical voyce, she harmoniously breathed out this sorrowful Sonnet.

*My mournful breast! into the duskie ayre
Send forth sad figbes, true witnesse of thy plaint;
Send pearled tears into Jove's sacred Spbeare,
And shew how with Love's sorrows thou doft faint.*

Unvail the curtains of thy misery
 Before the Throne of great Jehovah's sight,
 That contemplating on thy Tragedy,
 He may send favour on thy side to fight ;

Post therefore tears to Juno's Diety,
 Relate thy rage, display thy Passions fire :
 Sincerely crave of her bright Sanctity,
 The comble of thy mournfull hearts desire.

Fly thobbing sighs unto Dame fortunes throne,
 And thunder forth the taint of thy distresse :
 Unmask the Subject of thy direfull moan,
 And of her (Janus) power implore redresse.

And both like twins of Dame Latona fair,
 Through Thetis sail unto the Paphian Isle :
 Solicite Venus and young Cupid rare,
 That now discordant fate they will exile,

And safely send Prince Mædor to thy sight,
 Whose Physnomy with chaffe applauds my soul
 Hath vow'd eternally for to unite,
 And character in Adamantine royl.

The which as soon as she had ended, repeating
 again and again the name of *Mædor*, one might
 apparently perceive many pearled tears distil down
 the (sacred) soyl of her *Vermilion* cheeks, as also
 manifestly hear many secret fighes, which her perplexed

plexed heart sent forth, as testimonials of her tormented passions: and therewithall lifting up her eyes towards the seat of her celestiall Maker (as being overcome with too many in supportable sorrows) she instantly shrinking to the ground, fell into a dangerous trance. The which Tragicall spectacle our two young Princes perceiving, very soon advancing their pace, Rapt to her assistance; And elevating her from the Flowrie-bank, whereon she was fallen, they used such, or at least the best preservative means for her recovery, as their unskilfull (though willing) industry could afford them: So that in time (by good fortune) she again recovered; And remembering her self (or at least thinking to remember her self) and seeing these two strangers before her, she very disdainfully (having anger seated in the furrows of her Brow uttered these or the like words following.

Gentlemen (for so the Phisnomy of your favor and prospect of your personages, invites me to term you) if you knew how divinely quiet I endured the enjoyance of this dangerous swound (or rather deadly slumber) whereinto I was fallen, I absolutely know (or at least audaciously conjecture) that in equity and reason you would have refrained from disturbing me of my rest, and also permitted me to reap the tenuity of my consolation: But since things past cannot be recall'd, because accidents once produced, do soon fly far, having Times wings; I will, on condition you speedily

speedily depart my Castle, for this your ~~first~~ offence give you an absolute pardon. I have here wholly betaken my self to sorrowfulness, and have long since devoted my zeal to the shrine of consolation, my desire is neither to see nor be seen, but rather to lead the Pilgrimage of my life from the sight of any: This solitary place I have elected for my Purgatory; And here, unless death prevent my premeditations I resolve to abide the return of a most dear Friend of mine, which ~~is~~ inconstant Fortune this fourty^o Moneths hath detained from me. I in heart hate the sight of any, and for his sake loath the prospect of all. Therefore at the request of a sorrowful Lady, (or if ever a tormented Damsel, may gain acceptance at the Bar of your Discretion) I beseech you delay not to depart, that according to my accustomed manner I may sincerely upon the Altar of his absence, devoutly sacrifice my affectionate sighes; In token, that till death in the Garden of my Maiden Amity, the resemblance of his self, and Idea of his perfections, shall (to my everlasting comfort and souls contentation) immortally flourish.

The Princes having very lowly saluted this lovely Lady, and with attentive ears listned to the effect of her speeches, They both began or at least ~~Thalmens~~ for both, instantly to frame her this besigne reply.

Right vertuous Lady! (for so your inward qualities and exterior perfections demonstrate you to

to be) if our sudden arrivall hath prejudiced your sorrowful devotions, or detained you from executing some service due to your Friend; by so much the more we are thereof exceedingly discontented. But since the purity of our pretence may plead for the excuse of our audacity, and the innocency of our resolutions crave remission for our boldnesse; we doubt not, but having heard the History of proceedings, you will in equity afford us a benigne pardon: For know fair Lady, that we are both Princes; the one heir apparent to the Crown of Egypt, and the other to the Diadem of *Cicilia*; Our Names *Palma* and *Thalmeno*: who in the prime of our bloomy minority, before the consideration of future fortune was established in the Zenith of our capacities, we resolved to travel, and so secretly imbarquing our selves (without taking leave of our Parents) we of late arrived in the next bordering Harbour; since which time, as (faithlesse) Fortune would, (Error being our guide) we strayed into an unknown Desart, where these three dayes we have most dangerously travelled, without finding sustenance to relieve our hungry stomacks; So that at last ranging these solitary Forrests, we fortunately arrived to the view of this your Castle: Our pretence, fair Lady, is not to incur your indignation, but onely to entreat you to relieve us with some benigne demonstrations of courtesie; that in giving Nature her due, we may avoid the tyrannizing dint of Death, which most inhumanely doth now begin to domineer over us: which if you effect, as vertuous reason cannot well

well deny we shall continually remain servants both to your Bounty and Beauty; and till the period of death, hold the term of our lives as again re-bought by your Majesticall Merits, and likewise depart when it shall please you to command us.

The Lady pondering upon these pitiful speeches, very soon in her breast conceived a motion of relentation, which flaming in the embers of her zealous imaginations, very secretly commanded her to entertain them with all agreeable curiosity: so that taking them kindly by the hand, she most debonairly conducted them to a very sumptuous Dining-chamber, where causing her waiting Virgins to attend, and furnish the Table with such store of rich poverty as her solitary Cell could afford, They very orderly without the vanity of prolixious ceremonies fell hungerly to their meat; till repast being done, the Princes satisfied, and the Table taken up, *Thalmeno* still burning with desire to know the effectuall cause of this Ladies desolate retirement, evaporating bashfulness, and arming his capacity with courage, he very boldly (yet with a Princely grace) continued his familiar Oration as followeth:

Most beautiful Damsel! if the repetition of your misfortunes renew not your grief, or the display of your sorrows increase not your disconsolations, I would (if I might crave so much grace at your Lilly hands) entreat you to relate why so

so sadly you make this Desart your domestical Mansion. And the occasion why so often with vol-
lies of sighes you repeat the name of *Medor*. Me
thinks your Beautifull face, Slender personage, Ma-
jestical compoitment, and vertuous perfections,
should rather befit a Monarchs Court than a ru-
ral Countrey, and a Princes bed than a Pilgrims
Cottage. But whether wade I so far, since by expe-
rience I am taught to see, that all are subject to fate,
and none exempt from adversity? for assoon the
Prince as the Peasant, the Madame as the Milk-
maid, are (or at least may be) crost with the dart
of *Cupid*, the sting of sorrow, or the Tyranny of
misfortune; Therefore fair Lady, if any of these
distastful accidents have befalln you, with the (So-
veraign) salve of patience so mollifie your passi-
ons, and raze out your sorrows, that the resi-
dence of aggravation may not overtop the blossoms
of your flourishing Juvenility, and so Tragically
bring your beautiful self to the (untimely) enjoy-
ance of a desperate Martyrdome.

The Lady perceiving Prince *Thalmes* had now
ended his speech; For answer thereunto replied
him as followeth.

KNow, vertuous Prince, that I have long
since loved a Noble Cavalier, the absence of
whom hath willingly constrained me to live thus
solitarily. Name him I will not, because the motive
thereof will refresh the birth of my accustomed dis-
consolation: yet in respect you shall not condemn
me

me of perverse ingrateful coynesse, I will (if you please to attend my arrival) bye me to my Closet, and there constrain my trembling Pen to indite the secrets of his Mistris sorrows, and in effect to discover the sole History of my as yet tragical misfortunes.

Our two young Princes joyful of this benigne courtesie, accepted of her proffer; and so having familiarly saluted each o: her, the Lady instantly with a tormented Complexion departed.

But by that time a future hour was spent, and swiftly constrained to follow his forepast predecessors; Lo, immediately the Lady descended the stairs, and so presenting her self to their views, delivered them this short speech following.

Most renowned Princes! To satisfie your earnest demands, here take this scroll; wherein though rudely, yet sincerely I have demonstrated the cause of my retiring hither, and penn'd down the sorrows which in heart I do (more than sorrowfully) endure. My present wealth is such, as I cannot afford you many gifts; yet as a Testimonial of my zealous affection towards you, here take these Virtualls and small summes of money, to repleat your necessities, when any future occasion shall present. What you find fault with in this Castle, I pray forget with favour, or in me I beseech you remit with partiality: in recompence whereof, I will sacrifice my devout prayers for the establishing of your prosperity, & beseech th' Almighty to

to send you a most fortunate and safe Return. In hope whereof, betaking you to your journey, and my self to my accustomed Cell of disconsolations, I most dolefully in all Honour take my sorrowful Conge.

Thalmeno and Parma receiving the Scroll, with weeping tears kiss her mournful checks; And so rendring her many millions of thanks for their unmerited courteous entertainment, most sorrowfully departed, directing their course to a very high Mountain: Whose top having attained, and burn-
ing with desire to peruse the Scroll, they at last casting themselves on a green Bank, embellished with the essence of many diapred Flowers, under the covert of a stately Pine-tree, whose branches were likewise apparelled with a summers vesture; taking the Paper in their hand, found this or the like therein contained.

Admired Princes! (as well for your vertuous qualities, as heroical conditions) being that in courtesie you have requested my abrupt Muse to relate you the cause of this my desolate retirement, Know (valorous Martialists) that I am Florina, the only daughter of Agenor King of Numidia; who attaining to the perfect age wherein Nature seems to triumph in the delectable pleasure of Nuptial ceremonies, I was sought for in marriage by divers Princes both of Africa and Europe; whereof as the King my Father affected some for their private wealth, so others I hated for their publick enormities;

mities; in such sort, that to be plain I could not esteem of any with whom I was contented to finish the limits of this my terrestriall pilgrimage: by vertue whereof, I some two years remained without either fixing mine eyes upon the influence of Love, or ever devoting my breast to the shrine of affection. But at last *Cupid* storming at my Liberty, and *Venus* her self at my single estate, (acknowledging that there was no life but Love, nor no paradise but the pleasures of Marriage) they so bent their invective ambition against my innocency; that at last by the means of *Fortune*, which had likewise intruded her self in the union of their sympathy, they unexpectedly to my Fathers Court sent a sweet young Prince named *Medor*, being son and heire to *Orlando* King of *Biasara*; which Prince being penetrated with the report of my Personage, came of purpose to *Numidia* to protest him my Servant: Upon the soyl of whose beautifull Complexion I no sooner settled the influence of my Regards, but I immediately felt the flames of fancy sparcle within the concavity of my tormented breast. On the other side, Prince *Medor* so often frequented my company, that at last (if his Protestations were unfained) he reposed his blisse in my Beauty, and reaped his chiefeſt pleasure in enjoying my (desired) presence: So that tract of time did (by reason of many amourous Glances) so firmly unite our affections with the twist of combined Ratification, that in few dayes I became mistris of his thoughts, and he master of my imagination. But now deſpightfull Destiny resolving to metamorphose our

sweet

sweet Nectar into bitter *Aconitum*; began to display part of his infidelity: For the news of this our late familiarity being bruited throughout the Court, did in fine arrive to the King my Fathers understanding; who storming at this unexpected event, (because he bore a secret malice to Orlands Prince Medors Father) resolved not only to nip the blossoms of this our tender Affections in the April of their minority, but also to blast the Buds of our Love in the spring time of their juvenility: In respect whereof, sending for Prince Medor before his Royal personage, he after having imbathed his capacity in the *Acheron* of indignation, so chekete him up with thundring threats, and frowned at him with invective speeches, that in fine, albeit Prince Medor began with a pithy Oration to plead for himself, and in his defense to descant upon his unmerited discourses; He not onely command d him to silence, but also charged him to depart the Territories of his Kingdome. Ah unfortunate sentence for so sweet a Prince! And therefore unfortunate, because being constrained to depart, he left me desolate in the distastefull surges of perplexity! But again, after the King my father had bereav d me of this my Princely Paramour, (within the influence of whose personage I repos d my delectable contention) being not any thing appeased with this his inhumane accident, but still severely determining to invest me with the recognisance of his wrath, He so cruelly intreated me, & so unnaturally restrained my liberty, that I could not one minute reap repose of my Imaginations, but

continually lived in most tormented calamity; in respect whereof sacrificing my Orisons upon the Altar of Prince Medors absence, and devolving my contemplations to the beautifull Idea of his excellencies, accounting Courtly joyes vain glorious trifles, and a Prince life a splendid misery; in a Cymmerian night, which seemed to allow of my resolutions, departed the Court, and betook my self to the establishing of so sorrowful life. So at last Fortune resolving to assist me in my misery, very happily made me retire hither; which solitary Castle doth so correspond with my mournful conceits, that for the ardent love which I bear Prince Medor, I firmly resolve either here to attend his (expected) arrival, or else to finish my dayes in manifestation of my Fidelity. Therefore (sweet Princes) attribute my disobedience to my Parents a favourable censure; and resolve that what my Pen prescribeth, my capacity shall perform; that is, immortally to remain faithful to Medor, or everlasting unfriendly to my self.

Which scroll they had no sooner perused, but pitying the estate of the miserable Damsel, they instantly vowed to range the confines of Africa in researching Prince Medor, that by their friendly diligence *Florina* might enjoy her breasts chiefeſt solace and her souls delectable contention: By virtue of which infused resolution elevating themselves from the fragrant grasse, they at last with delicious familiar Amity, and delectable friendly applause prosecute their Journey, in such pleasant sort, that *Phœbus* gracing the Circumference of the day with

with his radiant complexion, they traversing many lofty Mountains, and pleasant Penean Vallies, at last towards the approach of drowsie Vesper arrived to a silver Fount ore-vail'd with the Canopie of a sprowting Cypres, who frizling his curled locks, took this Chrystal spring to be his reflexive mirrour, whereon with *Narcyssus* delighting to gaze, he continually tximmed himself in his verdant jollity: many Angelical Nymphs they likewise saw circumferencing this fountain in a Dance, who (resembling *Daphne*) had their splendent haire dallying with the Nectar-breath of amiable Zephyrus, being all apparel'd in Crimson Robes imbrodered with Lillies and Couslips; who no sooner saw our two Cavaliers approaching, but thinking that the Shepheards and Satyres had sent them as spies, thereby to intrap them in some treacherous Ambuscado, they forthwith (as having *Pegasian* wings) flew through the Thickets, with far swifter pace than ever did *Atalanta* when she ran with *Hipponeanes*: Our Princes seeing this Amourous Troop fled, were exceeding sorrowful that their arrival hindered their pastimes; so that hailing them with a shrill Holaw, and perceiving none returned, they instantly sate them down upon the Diapred brim of the fountain; where accumulating many Nosegayes of *Daffadilie*s and prime flowers, they dipping them in the Orient water, therewith bespinkled their faces to refresh their spirits; so long till reflecting their light upon the excellency of the neighbouring Pasture, they at last espied a verdant Tent, on whose lofty Turret a

know white Ensigne deliciously flourished in the Aire; wherest admiring, because they could not conjecture what this delightful objēt betokened, (as also to the end they might satisfie their ardent contemplations) they both very joyfully directed their course thither; which no sooner they approached, but they perceived it to be an Eglantine Bower: Bespread (here and there) with Colom-bine and Damask-Roses, so that burning with desire (from point to point to survey it) they at last audaciously entered; where a snow-white Beagle being (with Argus eyes) awake, saluted them with his shrill (discordant) barking, wherewith as a vigilante servant arowing (a Nymph) his Mistresse from sleep, she altogether at this unexpected Alarm began to tear through the Bower.

But *Venus* and *Diana* having metamorphosed their (forepast) malice to a future Sympathy, so ordained, that her Amber locks should be intangled in the Eglantine Bryars; wherat our Princes setting hold of her loose Garments, did, despight her force, compell her to stay: but the Nymph thinking them to be *Apollo* and *Jove*, who had descended from Heaven to ravish her Maidenhood on earth, bitterly cryed out, and grievously tore the Tresses of her hair in a rage; the which our Princes perceiving, with fair exhortive speeches began to appease her aggravation, requesting her onely to conduct them to some adjoyning Cottage, where for that night they might assuredly rest in some peaceful tranquility: wherat this jolly Nymph elevating her self from the earth, and gratifying them with many

many millions of thanks, bedecking her Lily Countenance with a cherry complexion, (as a skillfull Pilot) very joyfully conducted them through the Woods and Forrests, where many Troopes of (Light-foot) Satyrs ran on before as triumphant Heraldes to proclaime them passage, so long till radiant Tytan flying the Zenith of our Horizon to a-light the obscure Antipodes, she at last brought us to a sumptuous Palace, whose Pyramids and Towers superbiously presumed to elevate their tops in the (sacred) skies ; the glorious sight whereof (repleating their senses with astonishment) made them conjecture it to be that admired Palace of renowned *Felicia* (so much dignified by the Pens of civil and prophane Poets) for the Wals thereof were of cleer glistering Alabaster, the gates of pure Chry-stal, the pavement of black Jet intermix'd with azured Marble, the Battlements of refined Gold, the Arches of stately Porphyre, the windowes of translucent Diamonds beset with Carbuncles and Sapphires, and the roof of Vermilion Coral, wrought Checkerwise with orient gards of Silver: what shall I say ? The interiour lineaments owed nothing in correspondence to the outward Edifice; for the Portals and Galleries were of snow-white Ivory, the Bedsteds of clarent Amber, the Coverlids and Curtains of green Damask imbossed with Emeralds and Chrysolites, and the Tapestry of Crimson-Velvet imbrodered with Amethysts and Pearle. In the spacious Courts and delicious Bowers (which Flo-
ra had adorned with the Treasure of her painted Drapery) were likewise many curious (concited)

fountains, some thither conveyed by the instinct of Nature, and others some they erected by the Ingenuity of Art) There might you have seen Diana errais'd aloft upon a sumptuous Pillar, with a Bow in one hand, and a Banner (wherein was charactered Chastity) in the other, from whose Alabaster Paps the water sweetly distilling, was by her Nymphs in Chrystall Vases received, and so artificially conveyed to the Fountains centre; and also another, where Pallas, Minerva and Juno, do from their breasts rain Veines of water upon the beautiful faces of Daphne and Phylomela; the which entering their coral lips, doth distill to the concavity of their Chrystaline Paps; from whence with a stern countenance, they furiously sprout it in the eys of inhumane Jupiter and lustful Teraus; also upon the borders of these fountains are growing many fruitful Fig-tres, whereon artificially range divers harmonious Birds, whose heavenly musick according with the waters murmur, doth yield forth many ravishing Tunes of Angelical melody: so that there wanted no bravery to make this sumptuous Palace a terrestrial Paradice; It was impaled with lofty Woods, fenced Draw-bridges, and impregnable Bulwarks, as also circumferenced with a dainty River, within whose Tempe Gleam many Caistrine Swans most pleasantly imbathed themselves. So that our two Princes with their Nymph, being arrived to this dignified Palace, were forthwith met by an ancient Damsel, who seeming to be thereof Lady, very kindly bad them welcome: her habit was of a Sable hue, having her snowy hair dangling.

dangling down her withered face; her beauty seem'd to be nipt by age; yet in the lineaments of her complexion lay furrowed the anatomy of an indifferens Countenance: the arches of her sorrowful eyes were overvailed with a crimson taint; from out whose conduits it appeared, many brinish tears had had their issue. Which desolate Lady, after having had some conference with these our unknown Princes, and perceiving how the zeal of their youthful resolutions were devoted to travel, she with a faint voice delivered them these speeches:

Courteous Friends, (for such I wish you to be) Fear not to enter this Palace, but advance with applause! for your eyes shall be presented with such delectable objects, as shall both please your thoughts, and solace your contemplations.

Whereat she abruptly brake off, and so as fast as the Postilions of *Æolus*, fled to the Forrests. Our Princes seeing the sudden departure of this ancient Lady, exceedingly admired what this unlookt for novelty meant: But at last arming their resolutions with courage, as also seeing the sable night begin to orevail the Element with obscurity, taking leave of their Nymph, they boldly entred; where no sooner they had past the outer gate, but they were forthwith met by two glorious Virgins, who saluting them with a smiling countenance, arm in arm most lovingly conducted them to a subeibious Theatre, from whence they might deliciously behold many amorous Ladies and gallant Cavaliers circumfencing themselves in a dance: from whence after having repleated their eyes with applause, they

by the Ladies were conducted to a sumptuous Bed-chamber, where divers flourishing Knights were unchastely Courting of their beauteous Paragons, yea and with such unseemly dalliance, that *Vesta* nay *Venus* her self could scarce refrain from blushing at their immoderate familiarity; in such sort, that being glutted with the variety of divers unchaste prospects, (which to repeat would but vainly replenish the Readers capacity with prejudicial contemplations) they were at last by many radiant Tapers alighted to their chambers; where to passe away the tediousnesse of the night, two lascivious Ladies were proffered to bear them company: But our young Princes (albeit ardently tempted with carnal enchantments) having their immovable resolutions charactered upon the foundation of Honour (not accepting of this unexpected courtesy) very virtuously crav'd their absence; when thinking to repose themselves, lo they were instantly again sollicited by two tender Virgins, who bringing two Ivory Lutes in their hands, with their melodious (*Orphee*) Musick, thought to lull their premeditations asleep: Their breasts were nakedly unmask'd to the spectators ey, where one might apparently behold their Alabaster Paps swell and sink at an instant, as being inspired with the Luxurious wind of unsatiably desire. Immodest smiles they had at command; and with the *Hiena*, their eyes darted forth prejudicial Assummons: Their outward vestments were both gay and loose, in all things fitly corresponding with their inward qualities: and their glistering Hair being escaped

from

from the Tresses of Chastity, most viciously sported
with their Chryſtal complexions, as the amiable
Fetters of Lust to enchant the Approachers. But
neither their Syrene deceitful Melody, their sweet
Aconitum-glances, nor their alluring lascivious
gestures, cou'd either (with Circes) charm the ca-
pacity of our Princes, or else with Medea enchant
their conceits to range beyond the Lits of (digni-
fied) Modesty: but like two religious Pilgrims
they valorously fought against (vicious) Concu-
piscence, and ardently devoted their zeale to the
Shrine of Vertue: So that not passing for their
smiles, nor esteeming of their temptations, they
audaciously thrust them out their Chamber, and so
securely bolting the door, betook themselves to
sleep. But Morpheus had not long detained their
spirits in delicious slumber, but having contracted
his Influence with the instinct of Celestial deity,
they were in the depth of Nocturnus arowſed by a
grievous Clamour, which railed in the Palace with
such a thundering noise, as if the battlements, nay
ſoundation thereof were ſubject to a ſudden revo-
lution; Grievous groans were plenty, Cries were
common, and all diverted to ſuch a tempeſtuous
confuſed Chars, as if the ~~Atlas~~ of the world had in
the vivacie of his fury aſſummoned the Confines
of Earth to the dreadful day of Judgment: where-
at our two young Princes, as having their obtuse
ſenses replete with feare, and their heroical cou-
rage daunted with timorousſy, instantly flumbled
from their beds, as if they had been tranſcended to
the infernal concavity of obscure Acheron; think-
ing

ing that their glasse of life was already run, and that inhumane Thanatos had now taken his dart of tyranny in hand, to finish the period of their terrestrial Catastrophies. But whiles being thus in the (supposed) path-way of destruction, lo there suddenly appeared unto them a delectable Dwarf, being apparelled in Crimson; which to evaporate their timerous despair, with an Angels voyce pronounced them these speeches:

*Fly Vice, fly Sinne, fly Earthy vanity,
And with a martiall courage feare displace;
Detrac^t no time but with celerity,
Come view the Beauty of Dame Vertues face.*

Our Princes seeing this pretty pygmy, and with advised deliberation pondering upon the Etimologic of his speeches, could not at first refrain from infusing their contemplations within the Cabinet of astonishment; but at last more seriously ruminating which way to elect for their security, they both resolved to follow the tender guide; thereby to free themselves from the peril of this ensuing stratagem; upon which resolution, arming their courage with magnanimity, they as having Pegasus wings flew through the Courts, directting their pace to a lofty mountain, from whence they espied this glorious Palace, to be suddenly swoln up in the earth's concavity, and in such admired sort, that no appearance of foundation remained, but was utterly raz'd out as if the essence thereof had never there erected his (once) Substantiall situation. Which tragical pro-

(prospective) accident our Princes could not at first believe, but instantly thereupon surmised that their eyes and imaginations had been deluded with invasions: the Dwarf perceiving their doubtful perplexities, ran exactly from them; when to comfort their passions, the old forlorn Lady which they first met, again presented her self to their viewes, and so after having lowly saluted them, very mournfully uttered these speeches.

MY sonnes (quoth she) my name is *Vertue*, who of my own authority have invented this Tragedy for your advantage. The glorious Mansion on which ye have seen destroyed, was the Palace of *Folly*, wherein only remained the Imps of luxurious Iniquity; who pampering up lustful *Cytherea*, were always persecutors of chaste *Diana*: my society they ever disdained, and contumeliously smothered my Temple with the contagious Incense of Lubricity; amongst which cursed Diabolical Regiment *Perjury* was rife, *Swearing* no sin, *Pride* a Pearl, *Lust* a Lord, *Ambition* a Saint, and *Treachery* a Goddess. But now (my sonnes) their immoderate Pridg is past, their unchaste Desires extenuated, their devillish Oaths drowned, their aspiring ambition evapora ed, their gracelesse Treachery abolished, nay and all their superbiouſ actions, with themselves, utterly destroyed, and furiously sent to remain in the infernal dungeon of everlasting perdition: Therefore beware by their (unaccustomed) Gracemens, and let the mirrour of their misfortunes serve as an instance to Impale you within the circumference

Cumference of Piety. And to the end that, being absent, you may still ponder and premeditate upon my Exhortations, here take this Paper and observe such Divine counsel as I have therein prescribed for your salutations.

Which having said, she in the twinkling of an eye elevated her self in the air, and so a brumy cloud o'revailing her in the cincture of his imbracements she immediately vanished.

Our Princes astonished hereat, took up the Paper, and opening it, found these Observations therein contained.

1. Build the foundation of thy faith upon purity and piety, that thy zeal be not eclipsed with the contagion of idolatry, but rather perfumed with the sweet incense of sincerity.

2. Let devout Prayers be a Mediatrix between thy Saviour and thy self; for it is the most assured step to obtain felicity.

3. Conceal thy secrets in the closet of thy breast: lest rashly displaying them to others thou produce the prejudice of thine own tranquility.

4. Flie Ambition as the poysen of the sense; and detest Envy as the Canker of thy contemplations.

5. Gaze not on Beauty, lest it engender repentance: but loath a lascivious Courtisan as the scourge of iniquity.

6. In thy Actions be faithful, lest being blemished with reproach thou impair thy reputation.

7. Honour thy Prince as the anointed of Christ; and if occasion present, live and dye for thy Countrey.

8. Detest vain glorious superbity, as the Aconitum of sinne, and abolish Superstition, as the cloak of ungodlines.

Which

Which having read, and knowing the sacred influence thereof tended to the establishing of their celestial tranquility; they so imprinted it in the concavity of their contemplations, as it futurely should serve for a fenced circumference to retain them within the confines of Piety; and likewise for an impregnable Cittadel to defend them from the fury of ungodliness: so as triumphing that fortune (in the mirrour of experience) had presented them with so sacred an Instance, they repleating their thoughts with applauses, and their conceits with delectation, very joyfully departed. But wanne *Aurora* (being daughter of *Thetis*) had no sooner skipt from the bowers of *Neptune*, and so saluted the excellency of transplendent *Phæbus*, but our Priuces afresh prepared themselves to their journey: when timely in the purpled Morne, as radiant *Titan* began to give the *Bezo les manes* to the verdant Mountains; the Satyres, Fawns, and Nymphes skipt through the Forrests; and doleful *Philomela* (basinating her Breast in the aire on the superbous People) warbled forth her Tragedy: they were by a soft bloamy wind, which caused the verdant Leaves to caper, made acquainted with the delectable sound of a ravishing Cornet; the delicious (tripled) echo whereof, redoubling through the thicknesse of a curled Grove there next adjoyning, gave such a quavering grace to the aforesaid Melody, that our Princes were perforce constrained to find out the said (unknown) excelling *Orpheus*. To the end he might for a whiles recreate their distempered senses, with the rare exquisit-

quisitenesse of his praise-worthy Art. And so directing their courtes by their attentive Ears (which they took to be their guide) they at last arrived to the beautiful prospect of a fair (*Penean*) Valley; in midst whereof ran most leasurably a (*Tempe*) silver stream, whose banks in equal distance were beset with fruitful Lemmon trees; on the branches whereof, they might afarre off espy the yellow Citrons naturally growing: which delightful pleasant prospect so well contented their youthful imaginations, that immediately they bend their course directly to the aforesaid Arbour; where entring, they espied this famous Musician, being a beautiful young boy, apparelled in white, who being crowned with the Lawrel garland set upon a Flora-Bank, close by the Rivers side, unto whose melody most attentively listening they at last in a fragrant Bower of delicious Eglantine espied an aged old Father, which as it seemed by the furrows of his complexion, had in his tender years past the indurance of many distasteful calamities; his habit was of a Sable Black, which coming scarcely to his knees, was about his weak waste begirt with a Willow stripple; his Visage was of a Wane taint; and his Snowy Beard, being milky-white, descended almost to his sorrowful middle; in his hand he held a Brazel staffe, which as it seemed manifested to be the feeble supporter of his withered age; And before him, on a Table of Swam-like Alabaster lay open a guilded Book of absolute beautifulnesse, whereon in Reading he solitarily busied the conceits of his tormented cerebrosity; which pro-

spect

spect as soon as our Princes espied, being instantly transported with desire to know the cause of his disconsolate retirement, they boldly entered, where inter rupting him from his earnest study, Prince Palma, (to awake his distempered Muses from the Chaos of his perplexity) boarded him as followeth:

Right aged Father, (for so the Kalendar of your Complexion induceth me to term you,) If our audacious arrivals have disturbed your study, or our presence your patience; we beseech you to pardon the first, though a rash attempt; and to excuse the second, as being an unwilling enterprise. Travellers ears are (you know) amitors of novelties, and their capacities as desirous of news, as the Antipodes of the light of the Sun: Therefore, Reverend Father, we beseech you to relate us the cause of this your disconsolate retirement, and the Motive which induced you to imbrace this auster Life, as the Image whereunto your contemplations dedicate the generality of their terrestrial devotions: as also to afford us so much favour, as (being forreigners, and unacquainted with the passages of this Countrey) we may under the support of some Debonaire Seigneur, erect (for a while) our residence; and so avoiding the scandalous imputation of Vagabonds betake our resolutions to the obtaining of (desired) peacefull Tranquility.

The ancient Father perceiving by his speeches, that he had been trained up in the School of virtue; as also conjecturing by the Physnomy of their counte-

countenances, that they were issued from some noble extraction; very kindly (with a gravity, which seemed to embellish his speeches) returned him this Friendly reply:

Gentlemen, (for such I esteem you to be) Your arrival hath neither disturbed my study, nor your presence prejudiced my patience: For as my nature is not attractive to severity on the one side, so on the contrary, I make use of the other at leisure. Therefore to my sorrowful Cel you are both exactly welcome: And in respect a friendly demand deserveth a familiar reply, Know (Gentlemen) that the Bower which I have here caused to be erected within the Incirculcs of this fruitful grove, I make my retiring place, when passionate conceits begin to torticate my distempered senses. This Boy being an Orphan, for charitie sake I have caused to be instructed in the art of shril musique, to the end that when my eyes begin to dazzle with overmuch reading, he may with his loud melody arouse my spirits from the thought of slumber, & so put me in mind of my accustomed duty, which in heart I immortally owe to the (sorrowful) shrine of my dead Saine, which whilst she lived I affected more dearly then my self; and being (now) dead, will honour with such ardent fidelity, that future ages shall have a meritorious instance to acknowledge, That till death, & after, to my fair Excellina I remained compleatly constnt: Ah sweet Excellina! which sacred Name when I repeat, enforceth my cordial blood to distill my sorrowful heart, and also

also my brinish teares to descend the soile of my penitent cheeks ; she (oh she !) was the unique daughter of a valorous Knight, whom I long courted with unfeigned love, and at last (after having received many bitter repulses) obtained the enjoyment of her gracious affection ; whereof her shrewish step-mother being (by misfortune) thoroughly advertised, (as one that rather sought her ruine then advancement) she so severely looke to her, & so inhumanely intreated her , that her Father being absent in a farre journey , she most tyrannously bolted her up in a Vetal dungeon ; where seeing she could by no means obtaine the object of my personage , she in the bitter anguish of (Phlegiton) dolor, (bidding the World, but chiefly Me, farewell) most dolefully yeelded nature her due ; In remembrance of whom , to the other end of this Grove, in a Fragrant Valley , I have (as Duty and Love en-forced me) erected a Tombe , whereunto till the period of my ending dayes , I have in heart daily vowed to offer her , not onely my devout Prayers , that I may soon follow her , but also my throbbing sighes , as repentant witnessses of my tormented calamity : Therefore Gentlemen , if you please to afford me time to walk thither , I will make your eyes spectators of that , which with great grief & aggravation I have discovered to you ; And after give you such Observations in your travels , that doubtless , if the celestial influence cross not your Fortunes , you shall finde them very profitable for your advantage , and no way prejudicial to your adven-tures.

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The

The two Princes returning him thanks for his profered Courtesies, very willingly to his demand, soon condiscended; and so walking through ranks of lofty Cedars, which with their verdant branches beautified the adjoyning (silver) stream, They in fine arrived to a sacred Chappel, which with Alabaster Wals circumferenced that glorious Tomb; where entering, they espied it so repleteed with munificent curious workmanship, that the view thereof drove them speedily more neer to approch, and so beheld the body thereof to be of Dove-white Ivorie, whose cover being of radiant Jeat, there was thereon the Picture of the aforesaid faire Excellina in Crymson fresh colours, most ingenuously pourtrai&ted, and under her feet, in characters of rich Gold (Inammeled with Azur) this Epitaph most sumptuously engraven.

EXCLINA'S Epitaph.

*Within this Ivorie Tombe doth lie
The Phœnix of pure modestie,
Sweet Excelline, whose Beautie rare
With Hellens taint surpassing sure,
Nay, Hellens taint surpassing sure,
Which did the Grecians Love procure;
Being in Jove's Imperioll sight,
A Nymph excelling Juno bright.
Cut off by fatall Sisters three,
In confluence of Loves Plauditee.
Therefore if any passe this way,
With penitentiall tears doe pray,*

That

That she may in th' Elizian Plain
Untill Eternity remain ;
Still crown'd with hearts delicious joy,
And freed from rage of dire annoy.

Which Epitaph, when they had a gain and again
over-read ; as also reviewing the Tombe, and re-
garding her Picture, they very sorrowfully de-
parted to find out the ancient *Delmon* (for so they
knew him now to be named) who purposely at-
tending their coming, took them by the Hand,
and the tears standing in his Eyes, he (albeit his
Tongue did falter) at last breathed out these speech-
es.

AH Gentlemen ! my grief is such, that I loath
my life ; and were it not for too much offend-
ing my Soul, I could willingly be the administerer
of mine own (untimely) martyrdome ; But alas, I
know (I too truly know) that that would be a sa-
crifice too abominable before the sight of my maker ;
which I protest is onely the Rein that withdraw-
eth me from executing of my Resolutions : For why,
though I live, I live discontented ; & by my death, my
dolorous calamity would enjoy a period, Should I
(most miserable I) be the cause of so sweet a Ladies
destruction ? Or by my means should so gallant a
Virgin be deprived of her future (delectable) plea-
sures ? No, no, Delmon ; Live not but dye in me-
mory of her Martyrdom ; for so shall thy aggra-
vations end, and thy everlasting joyes commence ;

Our two young Princes, seeing him run so farre in the diversity of (amorous) sorrow thought best to recall him from his passionate dumps; and interrupting him, Thalmieno began as followeth.

VVhy *Delmon* we think the effects of amorous contemplation should be now (through Age) evacuated from your memory; and the remembrance thereof dryed up in the Cinders of Oblivion: for it is not for you, which are ready to salute the Grave, to sacrifice sighes to *Cupid*; but rather for Youth, such as we are, to fight under the Banner of Beauty. Remember therefore with your self, that *Venus* was by *Appelles* Boy pourtrainted with fresh colours, and not set forth with a withered Village: and though *Vulcan* offered to the shrine of *Juno*, yet he at last cryed peccavi, and was for his simplicity laught at by *Jupiter*. Therefore *Delmon*, consider now with thy self, that *Excellina* is dead, and may not by any (mortal) possibility again be revived: In respect wheroft, dry up your tears, and forget any more to devote your Oraisons to the image of *Cytherea*: that fighting 'gainst concupiscence, your actions may approve you to be an unspotted Personage for the celestial Monarchy; and while tracing on this earthly vale of misery to observe a blisfull decorum of aged stayednesse.

Delmon perceiving he was answered somewhat roundly; instantly afresh wept, because their exhortive speeches touches him to the quick: but at last comforting his sorrowful Musc with patience,

he

He evapouring his tears requested them to enter his Cell, & to accept of such homely Cates as his poverty could afford: whereunto they willingly agreed; and so deluding the time with familiar conference, they a long time solaced their capacities in amorous prattle; till at last repast being ended, and the Princes ready to depart; *Delmon* with as much audacity as his tormented passions could permit, at their *Dernier adieu*, pronounced them these speeches.

Seeing, heroical Gentlemen, that your resolutions are devoted to Travell; Know that some leagues hence, in the Kingdome of Zanfara, there reigneth a magnificent Prince, surnamed *Brilion*, whose Vertue doth no lesse applause his Subjects, than his valour doth dant his Enemies; rewarding each with the guerdon of his merits, and retaining no honour from those which demonstrate their actions to be absolute magnanimous: So that, for discretion, he may well be esteemed a *Solomon*; for Majesty, a *Cæsar*; for Prowesse, a *Scipio*; and for benignity, an *Alexander*. His Court likewise may be termed the Rendevous of the flower of Chivalry, for there are alwayes resident innumerable of Cavaliers; which as they account Discretion a chief point of valour, so they stick not (though desperately) to adventure their lives for the establishing of their fame. Their Senators likewise are both grave, politique, and provident; which from the sincerity of their contemplations, accompt Ambition a heinous crime, and Treachery a deadly sinne. Also their Pastors of the

people are both zealous and vertuous, admonishing their Flocks, not with the servants of Baal, to place their Religion upon diabolical Idolatry, but to ground their zeal upon that Celestial Temple, whose Foundation is Faith, whose pavement Purity, whose doores, Devotion; whose Arches, Amity; whose pillars, Piety; whose Windows, Sincerity; whose galleries, Glorification; and whose towers Humility. Their Ladies and Damsels are likewise both gracious and fair, and generally so chaste, as if *Diana* and Nature had adorned them with the pride of their excellency; being of gesture, modest; of capacite, quick; of quality, kind; and of behaviour courteous. Therefore, Gentlemen, if you direct your course thither, you shall generally see each live by the fertilenes, of his own Land, each reap the fruit of his own Vine, and (delectable) content sit smiling in every corner: there likewise shall you see the fragrant Fields adorned with their verdant Vesture, the lofty Trees with their gay garments, and the delicious Arbours with their diaper'd treasure of *Flora*; as also the mountains oreviled with snow-white Flocks, their Meadows with the riches of *Ceres*, and their Valleys with Daffadils, and prime flowers: In their Parks may you likewise see regiments of Fallow-Deer running untaken; in their Forrests may you likewise behold, troupes of Nymphs trace unravished; and to be brief, on every bush, harmonious Birds warbling forth their melody.

Thalmene and *Parma*, perceiving that *Delman* had finished

finished his speech, being partly in conceit ravished with the report of so flourishing a Kingdom, giving him thanks for their benign entertainment, as also for his debonair vertuous exhortations, very joyfully departed: where travelling a long time these unknown Countries, they at last very fortunately arrived to the chiefest City of Zanfara, where the Court then was; And taking up the Lodge in the best Inne which the City did afford, they there some three dayes rested, to refresh themselves of their forepast (troublesome) travells: And after having (as was requisite) given almighty Jove most humble thanks for their safe arrival, they betook themselves to this private parley, where *Thalmeno* began as followeth.

Most dear Cousin! We are now in a Kingdom far from our Native country; and therefore with celerity it behoveth us to settle our proceedings upon the main of some resolution, to the end we may futurely avoid the receipt of ensuing misfortunes. Therefore, understanding that the King exceedingly delighteth in heroical Vertues, it were not in my opinion unfit to betake our selves under the umbrage of his service, where cherishing our valorous magnanimity, we may produce the demonstrations of dignified Princely atchievements, whose effectual apparitions in the eyes of all spectators may condignly purchase us the title of gallant (admired) admiration.

Prince *Palma* hearing *Thalmeno* utter this haughty resolution, very instantly returned him this reply:

MY affectionate Cousin, I allow right well of your conclusive determination: therefore, delayes set apart, let us proffer our selves to the Kings service. This day, I understand, he resolveth to hunt in a Forrest neer-adoyning the Court; where, if you please, we may present him with a submissive supplication, thereby to intrude our selves within his Princely service; but let our names be obscured under the cloud of secrecy; So that Thalmeno may be termed Thalmo, and I Palma named Plivis, justifying our selves to be both Knights of Arabia.

This pleasant invention was well liked of Thalmeno; And so solacing their cerebrosity, they forthwith indited this supplication, which by a young Knight (a friend of theirs) they instantly sent to the Kings Majestie, the tenor whereof followeth,

To the most puissant, famous
and flourishing Prince, Brylion
King of Zenfara

Right renowned King! whose magnanimous fame (by the Herald of report, hath been transported to the bar of many Cavaliers understanding) in such sort, that they not only admire at your Princely valour, but also wonder at your (virtuous) animosity; so as their thoughts burning with desire to be made possessors of your (gracious) presence, and their resolutions flaming with applause to be spectators of your heroicall audacity, they have upon the Altar of fame, long since devoted their resolutions to direct their course

course to your Country ; amongst whom, we Thalmo and Plivio, two Knights of Arabia, having our capacities penetrated with the report of your affability, have undertaken this journey, to be made spectators of your renowned personage ; So that being arrived to your flourishing Palace, we most humbly beseech you to accept us into your dignified service, assuring you, that our valour and fidelity shall be such, as shall well testify our resolutions to take their offspring from audacious magnanimity. So imploring your Majesty to admit us into your service, and to grace us with that stellified Title to be invested your Servants, We in all humilitie prostrating our lives to your (gracious) command, Rest,

Your Sovereign's de-
voted Vassals,

Thalmo & Plivio.

This supplication was no sooner presented to King Brylion, but forthwith he commanded the two forraign Knights to be admitted to his presence, where saluting them in such sort as befitted his Royalty, He very benignly accepted of their voluntary service : Which famous acceptance adding applausible hope to our Princes expectations, made them in conceit conjecture that they were now at the foot to mount the steps of honour. And therein to conclude, because peradventure the discreet Reader may think the time too tedious in describing their proceedings, let this as a brief annotation suffice : That their valorous actions, virtuous demeanour, gallant comportment, heroical courtesie, and

Princely

Princely grace, did so conquer the capacity not only of the King, but the Commons; that in a manner all the Island of *Cicilia* esteemed them worthy the prize of Olympian victory, I mean the Trophies of Laurel dignified honour: Which by often demonstrations of their interior audacity did so instigate the King with the meritorious humour of preferring them, that not long after their arrivals, he appointed *Thalmeno* to be Attendant on the Princesse *Athelia* his daughter; and establish'd *Plivis* to be Lieutenant of *Ithica*-castle, where-*is* the fair Princesse *Mersilva* daughter unto *Samor* King of *Bohemia* was retained prisoner.

But leaving them, I mean the aforesominated *Plivis* and *Mersilva*, to the protection of fortune, we will for a whiles entreat of *Thalmo* and the Princesse *Athelia*.

IN a pleasant morn (before the pearl'd Dew was exhal'd by the golden rays of translucent *Phebus*, when the *Flora*-flow'res were displaying the pride of their beauty, & the melodious Birds on the verdant bushes straining forth their melody) it chanced that *Thalmo* being tickled with the beauty of *Athelia* his Mistres, betook himself to the fields, as well to refresh his tormented contemplations, as to make the flowry Meadowes acquainted with his amorous fancies; when directing his penfive course to the verdant Forrests, he at last arrived to a spacious Beech-trees, whose Branches expelling the darts

dares of Tytan, made a compleat shadow for all tired passengers to repose themselves. Which pleasant umbrage corresponding with Thalmo's passions, (and so much the rather, because amiable Zephirus, embellished it with his Nectar-Blooms) being over-pestered with ardent affection, he there cast himself down on a Bank of Prime flowers, and taking out his pen and paper, endited this ensuing Sonnet.

*So sit thee down accloy'd with lovely care,
Begirt with flames of Cytherea's fire;
And to the Woods relate the taint most fair
Of her which did thy youthful breast inspire.
And sigh and say,
Oh Beauty gay,
The causer of thy mournfull Lay!*

*First shew the Trees and fragant verdant Bowers
The piercing looks of thy Atheliah's eye;
Next tell the streams, and dainty Florah's flowers,
The sweet Idea of her jollity:
And sigh and say,
Oh Beauty gay,
The causer of thy mournfull Lay!*

*Then to the Sylvanes, Satyres, Nymphs divine,
Depaint the glistering hair, white front most pure,
Together with her beauty Chrystalline,
Which did thy Paphian torments first procure:
And sigh and say,
Oh Beauty gay,
The Causer of thy mournful Lay!*

Nay to the shrine of Venus stately Throne
 Strain forth the praise and gracious rarity
 Of her whose beauty made thy breast to moan
 With plains and tears of Love's perplexity :
 And sigh and say,
 Oh beauty gay,
 The causer of thy mournfull Lay !

Having thus pourtraicted out his passions, and made the Forreftes acquainted with the Preludium of his malady ; He forthwith as being submerged with the variety of amorous contemplation, resolved to return, but fortune willing to smooth up his Conceits in an extasie of Contentation, so ordain'd that his Mistresse the Princeſſe Athelia, with her Troop of Ladies should trace that way. Glad of this heavenly newes, he immediately blushed, because the Celestial Object thereof ravished his capacity with many millions of delicious applaunds : So as elevating his resolutions upon the wing of Honour, and investing his courage with the conſideration of magnamity, he audaciously determined to present her with the Physnomie of his affection ; By vertue whereof, at laſt finding her ſequellred from her attendant Damsels, and reſident within a myrtle-bower, in midſt whereof ſhe gaz'd on a ſilver-Fount there conveyed by Mistreſſe Nature ; he ſteeling his tongue with boldneſſe, and taking a manly courage in the front of his faltering Oration, (with a grace, which though gallant took his off-ſpring from fear) boorded her in this fort.

Right

Right excelling Princesse! When by the aide of fortune I first espied the singular sight of your delectable self, I immediately felt my tender breast to be inspired with the endurance of a Lovers passion, in such accidental amorous sort that mine eys ever since conceiving their chiefe contentation from the vermillion-hue of your Alabaster-beauty, (at so divine an object) hath so firmly sworn my flourishing fidelity to the celestial service of your superexcellent Deity, that I utterly abandon the contemplation of other beauty, and sincerely betake my inward devotions to the glistering shrines of your dignised perfection. The grace which I saw did adorn your comely personage, the beauty which I espied did (sweetly) bedeck your lovely cheeks, and the vertue which I beheld did garnish your Sovereign self, hath so inflamed my senses with the coals of affection, that in the prime of my constancy I am like to be rak'd up in the embers of despair, unless revived by the joyful news of your Princely favour. My birth is such, as if you throughly knew, peradventure migha occasionate you to render the accomplishment of my Breasts expectation; whereon I will not now descant, because the motive thereof shall not move you to term me by the phrase of a peevish Influator. But (sweet *Abelia!*) if my sighs migha disclose, my tears explain, my rage manifest, or my passions discover with what zealous purity or affectionate love, I in heart cherish the dainty resemblance of your sacred Idea, I not onely think, but resolve, that your gracious self would at the

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first report, not onely recompence my desert with the reward of my merits, but also repay my fidelity with the guerdon of your affection; whereof till the celestial Deity shall by inspiration partly advertise you, I will til the period of my (definitive) humane pilgrimage, remain as constant to beautiful *Athelia*, as I wish *Athelia* should be courteous to perplexed *Thalmo*.

Athelia hereat overveiling her Lily-cheeks with a crimson taint, on a sudden, as much blush'd as *Diana*, when she espied unlookt for *Aeon*: and so metamorphosing her pleasant physnomy to a melancholy complexion, (being altogether unacquainted with such amorous encounters) bending her brows, within the furrows of whose lineaments it seemed anger fate triumphant, She very sharply returned him this quick reply.

VVhy *Thalmo* (quoth she) hath my too much kindness made thee so proud, or my undeserved favour so presumptuous, that thou now givest wings to thy tongue to run a course absolutely so lavish? hath my courtesie emboldned thee to aspire so high, as now out of sense to sue for thy Mistresse? Hath thy idle leisure, being in my service, taught thee to deck thy tongue with the phrase of flattery? and is there no other for thee to aim at but my self? Ah fond *Thalmo*! and therefore fond, because possessed with a peevish fancy. As thou deridest my beauty, I will laugh at thy folly; and in accounting me fair, I will esteem thee frivous.

lous. For thy Birth, know, that I disdain it as nothing, and thy self as lesse: If heretofore, thou hast sacrificed sighs, or shed tears for my sake, Why, expect a recompence where there is no satisfaction to be made; and hereafter be, more wiser, to ingender the conception of the like simplicity. To be brief, refrain from prosecuting thy audacious folly; or else I will use such means that my Father shall qualifie your coura~~ge~~ by nipping the blossomes of your flourishing estate.

This thundering answer proceeding from a Princesses mouth, might doubtless have made many fresh-water souldiers retire for fear; but our valorous *Thalmo*, disdaining to quit the siege for the first repulse, repairing his sense, and furnishing his Muse with a fresh supply, very boldly (as being no~~thing~~ danted) continued his combate in this sort following.

MOST benigne and beautiful Princeſſe! If you conjecture, that in discovering my affections, I flatter your merits with a ſhew of derision, you greatly wrong mine honour, in respect my nature was never attractive to ſo base an enormity; for what I protest in words, my effects shall manifest to be of truth, against the proudest Champion which durst undertake to maintain the contrary: Therefore ſweet *Athelia*, let not an unconstant thought ſo obscure your Maiden-breast with obſcurity, that for my faithful affection, you term me an ingrateful ſervant: for if the flower of my love
was

was predestinated for your alone self, why, partly seek the means to affect him, which in heart hath long since vowed to adore you, as the image to whom he dedicates the generalities of his terrestrial devotions: And therefore reward me not with checks for my affection, nor with frowns for my love; but kindly repay me with a sweet consent, which at the Bar of your courtesy I daily attend.

Abelio perceiving that he still directed his course to one harbour, being in a manner over-pestered with listening to his old Love, instantly framed him this bitter Answer:

Thalmo, if thy affection were equal to the tenour of thy speeches, me thinks thou shouldst at my sincere request bury the reiteration thereof in the shrine of silence, and not so audaciously presume to advance the pretence of so unreasonable demand: If thy phrase of glozing were so unfeigned as thou makest a shew of, or thy lovely passions perfect messengers of a sacred constancy, yet my determinate desires can never be diverted from reaping the enjoyance of a single life, which I have already upon the Altar of *Vesta* imposed: my affections rather adore the image of chaste *Diana*, then adore the shrine of lascivious *Venus*; rather allowing of the ones principles, then esteeming of the others precepts. Therefore, *Thalmo*, since my minde may not be subject to the serviles of Love, let my commands in the closet of thy capacity be a media-
terix to make thee give a solemn congrē to thy peevish (commencēd) enterprise.

Thalmo

Thalmo perceiving the Princesse Athelia now pretended to shroud her self under the Cloud of a solitary Climate; by informing him, she meant to imbrace the austere deity of a she-Saints devotion: Very hastily returned her this sudden Reply.

Fair Athelia! If my speech could deciper my love, or my tongue my affection; I should then account my self most happy, whereas now I esteem my fortunes most unfortunate. Unfortunate, I may well say, in that the *Idea* of my fidelity is (without desert) obscured in the vaporous mist of incredulity; which if (without partiality) you would sincerely poise in scales of reason, I assure my self, the zeal of my vertuous constancy would evacuate the residence of your mistrust, and as absolutely advertise you that my love is graciously sprung from the exact soile of fruitful fidelity. Whereas you demonstrate, that your pretence is to live solitarily, without accepting the society of any; Why, know (fair Nymph, and Goddesse of my imaginations!) that the possessing of your presence, and the obtaining of your commands, would yeeld me partly the satisfaction of my trembling desire: So that, (fair Athelia) if you please to grace me with the dignity of your Servant, it shall suffice; and upon that pleasant foundation will I futurely ereat further delectable Trophies of delightfull hope; And till my merits shall deserve more favour at your Princely benignity, I am resolved immortally to live and die in your service, and to attend on your sacred personage with such firm fidelity, vertuous

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affection,

affection, and submissive loyalty, that (*Athelia*) your sweet self and King *Erylion* your father, shall one day blesse the hour of my arrival, and have just cause to acknowledge that the sympathy of our affections was predestinated to be united by the condescension of Celestial deity.

Athelia well noting with what servency he uttered his passions, began immediately to produce some motion of debonair pity: yet in respect he should not conceive any spark of hope, where there was no performance meant to be effected, bitterly returned him this sharp Reply:

Tbalmo! If thou leavest not thy prattle, I will leave thy presence; For thy obstinate opinion will constrain me to flye thy sight, and hereafter meritoriously) to loath thy company. It is now (more then) time to give a conclusion to thy conference, because the tediousnesse thereof doth overpester my senses in understanding it. What I have said, I mean to perform, that is, *Athelia* will live solitarily, and leave *Tbalmo* to his passionate folly: and where thou desirest to remain my servant, I thereunto condescend, so far forth as thy desires aspire not to thy Mistresse prejudice. Let thy future attempts be seasoned with discretion, (for fear) lest folly overtopping thy capacity, thy downfall prove the more dangerous, Consider with thy self I beseech thee, what my Father will say, being acquainted with thy presumption; And resolve not that he will blesse thee, but rather curse the instant of thy arrival,

arrival, and (for recompence) reward thee with the recognisance of his indignation. Therefore, *Thalmo*, ask counsell of thy wits; Repent thee of thy forwardnesse, recall thy follies and be penitent for thy offences: in effecting whereof I will assay with my self, not onely that I may pardon thy presumption, but also that I may exempt my memory of thy crime out of the Maiden garden of my youthful remembrance.

Thalmo no sooner perceived that *Atbelia* had finished her cruel Oration, but he instantly framed her this Answer:

AH *Atbelia*! is it possible that Beauty and Cruelty (albeit two Rivals) can at sometimes demure within the incirclets of one personage? And is it possible, that each being others enemy, they should both seek my ruine, and so in a seditious sympathie, triumph o're my martyrdome? Ah, sweet *Atbelia*! make not my fall your felicity, nor my ruine your rejoicing! But present before your sight the complexion of my Constancy, the fervency of my Fidelity, and the regard of my affection! Consider (I beseech you) the purity of my Pretence, the pretence of my Desire, and the desire of my Expectation! and think that if *Thalmo* live, he must love his dear *Atbelia*; and though *Atbelia* hate, yet *Thalmo* must needs love. What was pre destinat for my fortune, perforce I must needs endure: yet in suffering her repulse, I in humility die, to see my fortunes checkt with *Atbelia*'s frown

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Sweet

Sweet *Athelia*! Distill into your heart the motion of pitty ; and amidst the showers of your anger, let the splendant Sun of Favour evaporate your wrath! Let the dew of patience so mollifie the conceits of your cruelty, that I may(though long, yet) at last, amongst the briars of your displeasure, gather the delectable fruit of my Acceptance!

Athelia perceiving that *Thalmo* still rejoiced in repeating his passions, very boldly interrupted him in this sort.

Thalmo! I now see thou art bound apprentice to folly, & therefore mayest not be exempted untill thy time of innocencie be expired. I perceive 'tis in vain to dissuade, where sensesse absurdity doth command; And it will little availe, where I see Exhortations are held as Toyes, and Requests obeyed as Trifles. I am sorry that I have remained with thee so long, in respect thou art blinded with a frivilous humour; which, I see, rather springeth from a fond capacity, then any way from a tormented spirit. But howsoever, it nothing availleth the advancement of thy demand, because unlawfull, and therefore to be rejected.

Thalmo seeing she first interrupted him, thought now to render her le pareil, and so continued in this sort.

Sweet *Athelia*! If ever the sighs, teares, love, fidelity, or affection of a tormented Lover, may

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gain acceptance in the contemplation of his Saint; I beseech you to grant me the accomplishment of my vertuous desire, that I may once in all charity of marriage enjoy your sacred personage, which above the world I chiefly affect!

But *Athelia* (as the custom of women is) resolving to have the last word, answered him, That his talk disturbed her thoughts, and his speeches her senses. And so in a disdainful humour (without bidding farewell) she immediately flew from him: when directing her pace to the Court, we will for a while there leave her, and a little intreat of *Thalmo* his passions: Who seeing his *Athelia* so suddenly departed, thereat (as being impatient with love) immediately gormed, changing his pleasant countenance to a pale complexion; and repenting the time that ever his mother *Gratiana* produced him into this miserable world, continually crying out on crooked Destiny, and very often sighing, as though his breast were overpestered with insupporable calamities, sometimes falling from sighs to teares, and then from tears to sighs again; sometimes repeating the name of *Athelia*, and then (sweetly) closing up his eyes as though the Oracle of that celestial word had ravished his conceits with too many divine cogitations; At last desperately tracing these forenamed meadows, as though the Barque of his hope had already suffered the shipwrack of misfortune, He very pensively withdrew himself to his Closet, where to ease his tormented stomach, he resolved to write, and send *Athelia* a Sonnet, the Contents whereof followeth.

*Athelia fair, the Image of my mind,
The mistresse of my thoughts, my heart and breast ;
Exile th' appearance of all frowns unkind,
And all disdainful looks do now devest ;
Behold the torments of thy beauties power,
Which pierc'd mine heart in an untimely hour.*

*Your lofty front, the Throne of Graces fair,
Amidst whose milk-white soyls doth alwayes fleet
Celestial Veins of purpled blood most rare,
Which sometimes stray, and then again do meet ;
Hath so inflam'd my heart with lovely fire,
That of all Saints your self I do desire.*

*Your splendant hair, fine threeds of natures skill ;
Which doth obscure the brightnesse of thy Sunne ;
Hath so combin'd my Heart with Fancies fill,
That their Idea in my thoughts do run :
In such strange sort that when I think to slumber,
A thousand lovely toyes my brains do cumber.*

*Your eyes like glistening Starres divinely bright,
Do shine most fair, as having sacred power
To draw all those that do approach their sight,
Captives unto their beauteous prisons Tower ;
Amongst the rest my self at first espie,
Was forc'd to love, wherein I mean to die,*

*Your lovely cheeks within whose center spring
Two dainty flowers, the Rose and Lily fair,
At first espie did to my senses bring
The thought (O thought !) of future pleasure rare ;
Which*

Which glads my soul, and makes my heart revive,
When as my hope unto despair doth dive.

Within my tortured breast your sanguine sigh
Hath pitch'd his Tent, and sweareth there to remain,
And still as Gardien both by day and night,
The keyes thereof doth vow for to retain;
The fair resemblance of whose dainty view,
Doth force my breast his love for to renew.

All sweet perfections, Beauty, Virtue, Grace,
Which do adorn the April of your age;
Do force me secretly for to imbrace,
Your dainty self, to whom I do engage
My love, my life, my service, constancy,
My settled faith, and firm fidelity.

Which Sonnet being ended, made up, sealed, and directed; he forthwith posted to a Gentlewoman of Athelia's, named Levina, whose perfect visage promised him the accomplishment of a faithful performance; and imboldening himself to request her secretly to deliver it to her Mistresse, she thereunto voluntarily condiscended; and so finding her very solitary in her Chamber, advancing her pace, she with an humble reverence effected her promise; albeit the Princess at first made great difficulty to receive it, in respect she knew not from whence it came; but at last unripping the Seals it came from Thalmo: she dying her Chrystral visage with a crimson blush, bade Levina depart; when bolting her doore and casting her self on her dainty bed; she

unripping the Seals, read the contents afore repeat-ed, very often she perused those fillables and lines which best delighted her cerebrofity; and so kissing the Sonnet (contrary to expectation) she laid him in her naked neck, directly in that Chrystal valley which her Alabaster paps do environ; whey finding her self overpestered with many lovely contempla-tions, which ranged on the absent Idea of Heroical *Thalmo*, she at last to her self uttered these speeches;

Most unfortunate *Athelia!* If thy tears might asswage thy pains, or thy fighes thy miseries; thou mightest then envy (the better) the residence of thy tortures, and with preservative patience, the sweeter bear the insupportable burthen of thy tormented calamities: but alas, as the first cannot perform the one, nor the second effect the other; by so much the more mayest thou esteem thy estate more than unfortunate; and curse the houre wherein thou didst first espy the (charmed) face of vertuous *Thalmo*; *Thalmo* I say, whose valorous actions, heroicall disposition, comely grace, and gallant demeanour hath so conquered the thoughts of thy maiden capacity, that thou with the pale-fa'd Moon, midst clouds of obscurity, dost take thy pleasant light of conceived hope from the most re-splendant Sunne; which in effect is onely *Thalmo*. Remember with thy self (nay perforce thou must remember) with what fervency of affectionate fidelity he pleaded to thy self for a kind acceptance; and call to mind the pearl'd tears, doleful fighes, & passionate agonies, which as messengers (of faith-
ful

ful constancy) he sent to depaint before thine
eyes the miseries of his malady; and blot not up in
oblivion his wan complexion, hollow aspects, and
repining despair; which as (Authentical) soli-
citors, might have caused the most obdurate heart
to relent, and have produced a motion of pity. But
wretched Athelia, (and therefore wretched because
Athelia) forget not the proud repulses, sharp an-
swers, bitter threatenings, nor obstinate denyals
which thou gavest his enterprise, which when I
consider, I burst into the very humour of Anger;
condemning my self of (impudent) ingratitude-
nesse, in that I repayed the prime of his pretence
with unkindnesse, and crost the proceedings of his
hope with unmerited discourtesie: And being now
alone, I must (nay will) confess, that obstinate
coynesse set apart, I in heart then honoured Thalmo,
although Maiden-bashfulness would not permit
me to discover it; and in such sort do still adore
him as the (sacred) Image to whom I bind all my
devotions; Ah sweet Thalmo! none but onely Thalmo
liveth within the common wealth of my memory,
nor none but he (alone) may boast, hath conquer-
ed me with the prospect of his perfections: though
at first I was proud in refusing his precepts. I will
now be as courteous in accepting his proffers;
though then obstinate in denying his requests, yet
now as willing to agree to his conditions; and
though then stubborn in not listening to his desires,
yet now as tractable to hearken to his demands
But soft, Athelia! what Lunatick humor of folly doth
possesse thy senscs, or whether run thy wits a wan-
dering

dering without their guide, discretion? Hath amorous passion so soon transported thy Conceits with fancies, or lovely toyes so instantly obscured thy Reason with absurdity, that without regarding modesty, or respecting bashfulness, thou shewest thy simplicity such, as the world hearing it, may condemn thee of peevish Levity? Is she which was so long courted, now become an Oratory suitor? and must she plead to him for love, whereas heretofore he prayed her for affection? Ah Athelia! but such is thy fortune; And therefore contradict not that which the gods have already set down for a period; content thy self with that which is befallen thee; and hereafter seek by some favourable means to parley with thy desired Tbalmo, to the end that his presence may evacuate the mist of sorrow which doth so tosticate thy senses, and extinguish the birth of ardent flames, which doth begin to scorch the substance of thy sore-contented estate.

The which she had no sooner uttered, but *Levina* her waiting Gentlewoman suddenly rushed in, as being from the Queen her mother to seek her (much marveiling where she should be so long absent) Athelia perceiving that the time had deceived her, instantly rose up, and masking her fancies (the best she could) under the shadow of (partly) a merry countenance, failed not according to her duty with all celerity to find out the Queen her mother, where being arrived, contrary to her expectation, she received this check.

Why

Why *Athelia*, hath your too much liberty made you forget your self? or is it some extraordinary affairs which hath detained you so long from my presence? was your Tutor *Lady Flerma* with you, or else from whence came you?

The Princesse *Athelia* (as a maxime incident to the Female Sex) being in such amorous actions, never unprovided of a sufficient excuse, extempore framed her this applausible answer.

Adam, (if it please your grace) I have long since been precisely invited to see *Fulvia* the Countesse of *Arios* daughter's Chamber; and this morning unexpected she in person came for me; you being as then in your secret Closet, I was loth to disturb you, and so departed without Conge: for *Lady Flerma*, my mistresse, she was then at her devotions, and only *Iffida* my waiting-maid attended me.

This dulcid Reply soon contented the Queen; and so *Athelia* remaining in her presence, we will a while there leave her, and return again to tormented *Thalmo*.

Who being as it were plunged in the stream of *Athelia*'s beauty, and almost drowned in the River of her affection, as also hearing no answer of his Sonnet sent by *Levina*; formed in such sort, that his familiars, (who being not acquainted with his passions) thought he would sure run Lunarique to dance with the skies, or else stark mad with the

Man

Man in the Moon to caper above the Clouds ; for such rage possessed his senses, and such Anger overmastered his Reason, that I think he resolved with himself, or else vowed to Apollo to run to the confines of his wits Common-wealth ; all company he abandoned, and detested the light, as Jupiter when he transcended in a cloud to dazzle Vulcan, thereby to enjoy Juno : His speeches were far-fetch'd lighes, unlesse now and then he would breathe forth the name of Athelia : his laughter was metamorphosed to tears, and no motion could enter the Cabinet of his conceits, but the resemblance of Athelia ; his Closet seemed to him a meere Purgatory, and his Bed a very exact Hel in conceited shew, (though not in effectual substance) his torments might be compared to the tortures of Ixion, only excepted, that he had a more faire Mistresse in Athelia, then Ixion had in Proserpina. When he walked, the image of Athelia stood before him, whose Picture (with Pygmalion) he adored, as the unique solace of his hearts contentation : being in his Study pensively passionate, he would suddenly arise and ask who was there ? as if Athelia had been alwayes knocking at the door : From thence in a fantastical humour he would forthwith direct his course to the Fields, where most sorrowfully he wold to the sencelesse Trees decypher forth the manner of his Mistresses cruelty ; And again, as having offended, immediately fall to sing a Sonnet in praise of her : and from thence, as though he had been bound apprentice to no trade, fall into another humour of recording his passions : among the

the rest (as I well remember) he once ranged into a very pleasant Forrest, and so from thence to Mountains next adjoyning, and again to Valleys, as the weathercock of his contemplations guided him; when being over-pestered with innumerable amorous fancies, on the plain ground (where Mistresse May had naturally spread a Summer-Carpet) taking out his Pen and Paper, he there endited this ensuing Sonnet.

*If walking by some stately silver stream,
When as there chanceib a bloomy winde to be,
Me thinks amidst that cockling vaporous gleam
I presently my faire Athelia see ;
And if I trace upon their borders sweet,
Instead of trees I still Athelia meet.*

*If that I chance into the fields to bie
To pluck a Nosegay for Athelia faire :
Me thinks amid'st each flower I doe espie
The sweet resemblance of her beauty rare :
And if by chance to sing I doe pretend,
For answer, she her echoing voice doth lend.*

*If on high mountains sometimes I ascend
To see the harmlesse flocks their pasture take,
Me thinks from hill to dale mine eyes I lend
If of my dear I may espiial make ;
And if some Nymph or Shepherdesse I see,
Me thinks farre off, it should Athelia be.*

From

*From whence if I in vallies do eke
My self to shade me from all humane sight,
Or think to live in Woods alone apart,
Hating the day, loving the mournful night :
Athelia, as I bie, doth run before,
When as my fortune bard I do deplore.*

Which having ended, forgetting both pen and paper, yea Sonnet and all behind him, (as Neptune did his Trident, when *Nereus* had almost found him with a Syrene) he resolved to range further into the unknown Forrests. But as passing time gives a period to all terrestrial accidents, so in roving from place to place, without reaping so much as the blissful thought of one delectable applause, he at last arrived to a fair Cypres tree, where resolving to sleep, he was no sooner down, but (Love being impatient of delayes) he rose again instantly, determining to depart; yet desirous to write some Ditty (in testimonial of his passions) although not knowing what to write, he busily in his pocket search'd for his Pen and Paper; but not finding it he immediately drew out his poniard, and there on the Bark of the aforesaid Cypres tree (with as much skill as his trembling hand could afford) he engraved (or carved) this Ditty following:

*Thou Cypres tree,
If once thou see
My fair Athelia passe this way,*

Tell her I came
To print her name,
Thereby my passions to display,
And let thy bark
Wheron I mark
This sacred Ditty of delight,
Say onely Love
My hand did move
In secret sort it to Endite,
And without fear
Do witnesse bear.
On bended knee I do protest
Whiles death shall give
Me leave to live
To wear her Pourtraid in my breast.

Which having ended he very often kist it, as if
there remained some figured resemblance of his Mi-
tresses perfection. And so leaving the Fields, he
gain returned to his melancholy Cel, where busi-
ying his brain about his Mistresses beauty, we will
instantly leave him to the fancy of his affections, and
a little entreat of almost forgotten Palma.

PALMA

PALMA being by King Brylion appointed Lieutenant of Ithica-Castle, (wherein the beautiful Mersilva was detained Prisoner) did, as having his heart inspired with pity, grievously sorrow to see Porus his Captain so rigorously entreat her: For whereas King Brylion did allow her a comely Chamber, a pleasant Arbour, a correspondent Diet, and a Damsel to attend her; He on a sudden withdrew from her all those aforesominated Priviledges, placing her in a very obscure Dungeon; where the thought of so detestable a Damp might have driven Alexander himself into the labyrinth of conceited despair: for in stead of a Garden for her walk, she had the onely liberty of her close-Prison: her Diet being of a homely fare, and that scarce enough to content nature; And in stead of being attended on by some Lady, very basely served by an ugly ruffian, in the furrows of whose angry brows it seemed envious wrath sate triumphant, having from his Captain a strait command to hinder all those which (in her distresse) should aim to succour her, Mersilva perceiving her self to be bolted up in this unmerciful Prison, (as a Climate contrary for her Complexion to endure) exclaimed on Fortune, deplored that ever her tender years had attained to the sight of so dismal aspect! But well might she weep, and having wept return to weeping again, because there was no spectators of her lamentation! and well might she lament, and having lamented, figh again, because there were none to solace her in the depth of her perplexed miseries! For if at any time she bemoaned her self

to her rigorous Keeper (with applausible reasons to enduce him to pity) she was forthwith check'd up with a dictionary of reproaches, alledging that her entertainment exceeded her merits. Which as a second wound, though the first deadly, did so transport her reason to the profundity of compleat anguish, that with wringing hands, and throbbing sighs, as walking in her Citadel of despair, she to her tormented self breathed out these speeches;

Perplexed *Mersilina*! thou hast now (being by experience taught) just cause to acknowledge how inconstant Fortune doth at her pleasure conduct Princes to the top of prosperity; and immediately changing humour, and turning the Needle of her Compasse to another point, doth violently tear the Bark of their former estate against the dangerous shores of future perdition, where suffering shipwrack, the memory of their happiness is immediately submerged in the unmerciful intrailles of tyrannizing misfortune. Amongst the rest, an unfortunate *Mersilva*, thou mayest of that Camelion Tragedy term thy self a prinipal actor; because the subject of thy present misery, hath already as a Prologue, accidentally mounted the Theatre of destruction: most wretched *Mersilva*! when the memory of thy birth doth (through the Chaos of thy conceits) pierce to the thought of consideration; And comparing dignities past to calamities present: what terrour of aggravation it doth profess to thy hope, thou mayest (since knowing) well conje-

conjecture; whereas others (therewith unacquainted) can scarcely presuppose. Ah, desolate *Mersilva*! how are thy delicious delights now transmuted to melancholy contemplations! Thy pleasant pastimes diverted to doleful mourning; and thy sweet sports metamorphosed to sorrowful disconsolations! Ah, sure it is, (and therefore sure, because ratified by the gods themselves) that glory doth fade as well as flourish; beauty dye as well as domineere; and honour wither, as the flowers of the Field, which no sooner sprout, with *Titan*, but die with *Cynthia*, what is then the world but a labyrinth of perplexities? What then is dignity but the seat of ambition? and what is Glory, but the throne of superbity? Ah *Mersilva*! but such is the course of this terrestrial diadem, That being produced in sinne, we prosecute in folly; and never forbear to detest Vertue before ingulf'd in the Stygian stream of Vice. Therefore account thy miseries, as a recompence predestinated for thy fortune; account thy torments, as a reward sent for thy sin; and lastly, term thy calamities, as a meritorious affliction, projected for thy misdemeanour.

Which doleful speeches she uttered with such jealous fervency, that the report thereof would have caused Disdain her self to have pitied her; for sometimes she walked (like mute *Progne*) in her miserable Cottage; and then instantly threw her self on her Bed of care, where drawing her Curtains close about her, one might well deem it to be Tombe, and her self a dead Corps, thetchin

red: when again reviving her spirits and rememb
bring her misery, she would sorrowfully smile
and instantly rebuke her self for committing so
comical an offence. Her Holland-Handkerchiffe
(resembling the Caystrine Swans for whitenesse) she
often wash'd with pearled tears (which distilled
down the soyl of her sorrowful cheeks,) and then
immediately drycd him with fanning wind on her
face to arrouse her spirits: in which sorrowfull
sort she most grievously past the day, without be
ing comforted by the assistance of any; untill at
last the exclamation of her mournful complaint
(by good fortune) arriving to the understanding
of Princely *Plivio*, drove him to so instant an humor
of relentation, that knowing her to be a Princesse
most royally descended, as also innocently impri
soned without committing any crime or scanda
lous malefaction to the Crown or Kingdome of
Zanfara: he being vanquished with *debonair* pity,
burst into these terms;

VVHY *Plivio*! can humanity suffer that so
beautiful a Princesse as *Mersilva* should en
dure imprisonment, thy self being present? or,
can the dignity of that (divine) Sex obtain no more
favour at thy hands, where thou ~~mayest~~ by vertue
of thy power bear sway? are thy senses so mask'd
with obscurity, thine eyes so obscured with im
piety, or thy heart so fraughted with cruelty, that
her tears cannot (to thee) sufficiently sollicite for
her freedome; or her complaints, as advocates of
her innocency, perfectly plead to thee for her spe
dy

dy enlargement ? How may the world blame thee of ingratitude ? how may thy conscience accuse thee of rigor ? or, how may thy thoughts condemn thee of tyranny ? when the odio usnes of thy (impudent) fact, shall (with the wind of report) arrive to the barre of (unpartial) discretion ; where thy faults being descried, and thy follies disclosed, what colour of correspondent argument canst thou alledge for thy excuse ? or, what mask of sensibility canst thou produce to orevaille thy inhumanity ? Ah *Plivio* ! consider with thy self in reason (unless exempt of all reason) from whence thou art extracted : if thou say (as thou canst not deny) from the loins of a woman, how falleth it then out, thou differest from so temperate a nature ? or, if thou alledge thy father to be a *Centaure*, or thy mother a *Prisciraxe* ; no marvel thou art so perfidiously inclined to their devillish disposition. Ah *Plivio* ! recall thy senses to the throne of Pity, and drown the rigorousnes of thy conceit, in the vast gulf of oblivion : Let thy thoughts before thine eyes beare the Banner of lenity ; and let the Ensigne of remorse pitch his Tent in the Campe of thy cogitations : & ungrateful *Plivio*, resolve, that to succour the distressed, is a point of good nature ; and to affit a tormented Lady, is a fact condignely worthy commendation. What though *Porus* thy Captain hate her ? is it therefore consequent that thou shouldest loath her ? No *Plivio*, no, let not the suspicion of inhumanity obscure the appearance of thy benignity ? nor let the thought of perverse impiety drown the apparition of thy flourishing affability.

but rather let thy (demonstrative) actions savour of courtesie, and let thy resolutions be tempered with charity; so shall thy contemplations be established of the Saints for meer bountifulnesse; thy conceits accounted of all men for gratiouse benignity, and thy debonaire nature of the gods themselves esteemed for blisfull Piety.

Upon the ground of which applausible resolution, pricking forwards his breast with the animosity of honour, he very resolutely determined to visite *Mersilva*. So that giving wings to his courage, and liberty to his resolution, he immediately directed his course to the place where she sorrowfully lay imprisoned: where he was no sooner entered, but he might forthwith espy her mournfully fitting on her Bed of misery, having her face overvailed with a sable skarf, as if she partly loathed to see the appearance of delightsome *Phœbus*; when not securely sleeping, but rather dolefully slumbering, being by his pace aroused from her pensive contemplations, she forthwith elevated her self from her seat of sorrow, and ruffling aside her skarf, discovered the whole substance of her singular Visage (as the most fair *Phœbe* being released from the obscurity of the darksome clouds) from whence her radiant eyes displayed their splendent influence as fixed Stars divinely seated in the (beautifull field of) celestial Element, so she attending his coming, he boldly approached her (where with an humble reverence) after he had most courteously saluted her he borded her in this sort.

Most faire Princesse ! I am at last come to your delectable presence, as a guilty offender to crave pardon for my forepast crime, (in that I which within this Castle may something command, have so long desir'd from affording you consolation :) But sweet *Mersilva* ! my Captains command was the Rein that (iuhumanely) with-held me from prosecuting my pretence; who being now departed to the Court, if you please to walk into the Fields (or Gardens here next adjoyning) to recreate your selfe in taking the fresh ayre, I will accompany you assuring you that if this Castle posseſſe any thing which may pleasure or serve you, you shall not on-ly command it, but my (voluntary) assistance likewise.

Mersilva seeing this (unknown) Gentleman proffer her such kindnesse, dying her Christal Cheeke with a *Vermilion* blush, (which it seemed Hope had of purpose instantly sent her) very courteously returned him this applausible answer.

Entleman, my vanquish'd Hope (which alrea-
dy hath been transported to the brim of de-
spaire) being now by the wind of your benigne
newes again infused within the stream of consolati-
on, doth for this your debonaire courtesie render
you many millions of affectionate thanks; & graci-
ous Knight ! since of (unmerited) kindnesse you
proffer me this sweet comfort, I will not deny you r
(Nectar) demand, but account my selfe fortunate
to enjoy theayre of the fragrant Fields.

Plivis

Plivio perceiving how exceeding glad she was to signe her prison a generall a quittance, (and again how willing to walk in the gardens) kissing his hand and very kindly taking her by the arm, he conducted her by a Postern gate (through the Castle) to the Fields, and from thence to the Arboars of pleasure: where *Mersilva* delighting to range from Bank to Border, and from Fountain to Bower, leaving in a manner no place therein unprospected, she at last arrived to a very sumptuous Cistern; whose wals being of clear glistering Alabaster and shining Marble, gave such a compleat grace to *Mersilva*'s (partial) eyes, that her spirits at so pleasant a prospect did then receive the long lookt for motion of delightful contentment: so at last hearing the descent of some issu'd stream (which as it seemed made a musical accord, in falling to the concavity of the earth) she (taking her ear to be her guide) began to trace about the circumference of the aforesaid Cistern, where she forthwith espied on the eastern side thereof (some Ell distant one from the other) two stately Pillars of Dove-white Ivory, being very curiously carved and begirt about with divers spacious guards of refined Azure, wherein were enamel'd both lovely Roses, and splendent Starres of most beautiful and artificial ingeny; on which Pillars tops stood two female Images most industriously painted, well resembling the Graces, each holding in their outward hands a little Vane, whereon one side was painted *Minerva*, and on the other *Diana*; and joyning their other hands (which they elevated over their heads) did support the

third Grace, being crowned with an Olympian Garland, holding in both her hands a Table of Celestial hue, seated in a frame of illustrious Argent, from out whose six globy Paps resembling for whitenesse the snow which doth imbrace the Pyrenian Mountains, rusheth forth clear Chrystral spouts of silver water; wherewith she being with too much joy for a whiles ravished, at last perceived (betwixt the two Pillars) a pretty conceited Geometrical door therein to enter, where entring she saw a small Mountain in form of a Pyramides, which did attain unto the top of the Cistern, from whence Nature (being by divine instinct commanded) did yield forth full many a Vein of weeping water, which by degrees distilled down the Rock, was lastly through Pipes of Silver by ingenious art, most curiously conveyed to the Graces Paps, which *Mersilva* seeing (and shutting the doore) resolved to depart; but by chance again thereon reflecting her fift (as unwilling so soon to take her farewell) and glancing her eyes at randome upon the perfection of the upper Grace, (she either deluded with a shadow, frumpt at with a Fancy, or how I know not) immediately conceived that she saw her artificial eyes naturally reflect in the Model of their influence, and so being in conceit induced that it was so, or else thinking that at the request of some second Pygmalion, the Goddesse *Venus* had with life likewise inspired her; She resolved with her self that the said Grace although how she knew not) had interiorly some lively feeling of Natural sence, and applying it as the illusion of her

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Fantacie drove her, conjectured that she invited her (more near) to approach, In respect whereof, mounting a step which stood (very close) before the Graces, she thought of them, but especially of the uppermost, to have some secret conference: where being elevated she forthwith forgat her self, (as if some sacred Deity had so before predestinated it) and after was instantly put in mind of her doleful calamities, whereat much lamenting, she blushed with shame in that she had committed so sottish an absurdity: when looking about her and not seeing Plivio there espying the blew Table which the Grace held in her hand, she from out her golden haire drew her glorious Head-bin, and so essaying and finding the stone tractable, (recalling her Muse to her sorrowful humour) in fair letters, *Ala Romanisto*, she thereon indited this Sonnet.

Fortune is frail and changeth with the wind,
 Riches doth fade and Beauty soon doth fly,
 Honour is drosse, and Glory now I find
 With Times instinct doth in oblivion die.
 What then is Riches but a Summers shower?
 What then is Beauty, but a Winters-blaze?
 What then is Honour but a withering-flower?
 Or what is Glory but the worlds amaze?
 Riches and Beauty, Honour, Glory, all,
 Are they not subject to Times Deity?
 Yet time doth cause their splendor for to fall
 At the affgnement of his Soverainty.

Whiles thns Merfilva was overviewing the pride
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of this sumptuous garden, *Plivio* commanded a very gallant banquet to be there prepar'd; the which most kindly in an Eglantine-Bower he presented her: And to make her Gates seem the more pleasant, he so ordained that a Consort of Lutes, together with three tender Eunuchs, should (in her hearing) warble forth melodious harmony. So in this delectable manner for a whiles they deluded the time, wherein *Plivio* never failed to glance his eye on the sweet Object of *Mersilva*'s Beauty; the which *Cupid* (at unawares) espying, immediately bent his Bow and let fly an arrow, headed with Desire, and feathered with affection; which so forcibly hit *Plivio* to the heart, that he immediately fainted at the stroak, so that now he acknowledged no Goddess but *Citherea*, no Saint but *Venus*, nor no Lord but *Love*, so that his breast being penetrated with the influence of amorous contemplation, after having reconducted *Mersilva* to the Castle, he lying to his Chamber, alone to himself breathed out these speeches:

How now *Plivio*! what in a moment vanquished in the field of Beauty? or hath *Cupid* such power at the first approach to penetrate thy breast with affection? can thy resolutions, which were devoted to *Bellona* now stoop to *Venus*, and so make (Laurel) Garlands in her praise, whereas heretofore thou disdainedst her society? what, wilt thou fondly imbathe thy Capacity in the stream of Amorous contemplation, and (so albeit to thy prejudice) devote thy Oraisons to the Altar of Love?

Beware, Parma! The Syrenes have sweet voyces, yet deceitful; the Panthers fair skins, yet infectious; and the Amazons beautiful faces, yet meer dissemblers. What? Helen was fair, yet a Wanton; Thais was lovely, yet lewd; and Semiramis, though curious yet a Courtezan. But alas Plivio! One matter maketh not a Maxime; nor doth forepast examples include generall actions: for speak without partiality, and thy conscience will plead, that as there hath been a wanton Helen, so a wise Calliope; As a lewd Thais, so a chaste Lucretia; and as a vicious Semiramis, so a vertuous Susanna: therefore Plivio, retire not with shame, but advance with valour; (For as the Poets report, Faint heart never pluck'd fruit from the tree of Love:) Consider Plivio, with thy self, what Mersilva is; and then as in the Mirrour of Vertity, thou shalt perceive her to be, of Descent a Princeffe, of Qualities a Queen, of Beauty an Angel, and of perfection the onely Phœnix of her Sexe. Who then but would like such a Virgin? who then but would love such a Paragon? Nay, who but would (upon the altar of Humanity) sacrifice his life in the behalfe of so sweet a Saint?

Thus embathing his Capacity in the (Nectar) Aganippe of Amorous contemplation, and solacing his senses in the (Tempe) stream of Mersilva's Beauty, he remained so torsticated in conceit, that no plaudite could please him, but the Idea of his fair Mistresse; no thought content him unlesse sprung from her majestical vertue; nor no imagination delight him, unlesse derived from the pure Model
of

of her rare perfection: So as burning with desire to display his pretence, he at last with a trembling resolution indited this Letter, which (by a cruxy Messenger) he sent to faire Mersilva, the Heavenly QUEEN of his Humane imaginations.

Sweet Lady! I heretofore infused this period to my Resolutions: That the power of Cupid was peevish; the Instinct of Love, lewd; and the Influence of Cytherea vicious. But now, deare Mersilva, (and therefore deare, because Mersilva) having sent the eyes of my Capacity to rang upon the superexcellent soyle of your Beauty, and finding the Model thereof to be replete with the physnomie of Majestical grace, I was instantly so surprised with a Favourable censure, That abandoning my former invective cruelty, I forthwith bent my devotion to the Altar of your flourishing excellency; Wherfore, amorous Princesse! since I repose the prime of my delight, in contemplating upon the Idea of your rare perfection, and derive my cheifest solace from the lovely Index of your angelical Personage, by so much the more seek to counterveile my love with the recompence of your friendship: and let an applausible answer be the (meritorious) guerdon of my constant fidelity. I will not in depainting my passions, seek to tosticate your conceits with (the prolixitie of) a tedious Epistle; because the report is, Many words umbrage desimulation: therefore sweet Angel of my breast, and goddesse of my cerebrosity, (I beseech you) penetrate your capacity with this brief principle, that Plivio must perforce either affect Mersilva, or hate himself; and ever account Mersilva till eternity to be the (divine)

Bonnet, he forthwith accomplished his Ladies command, *Plivio* not knowing from whom it came, very busily unript the Seals, and so without further prolixity of literature-introduction, he directed his sight to the Signers name; where finding the consonants of *Mersilva* to be charactered, whether his thoughts were then obscured with divine conceits, or his breast replenished with many ravishing contemplations: I refer the censure thereof to those Gallants which have likewise enjoyed the essence of the like sacred tenuity: Yet sure I am, that the sight of this divine ~~present~~ did not onely solace our dispairfull *Plivio*, but likewise infused a sudden encouragement to his tormented malady; that imbracing the Epistle in his hand, he very often kist the Nectar-oracle of *Mersilva's* name, and with many pearled tears, ² seconded with affectionate sighs, instantly paid thereof the *Bien venue*. But at last, calling his thoughts to a retreat, and sounding the drum of Discretion to refresh his senses, he orderly mounted the steps of the Letters preamble, and so with the Sun again descending, overviewed sincerely thereof the substance; which being not contrived to his humours complexion, nor comploited after the fashion of his distempered fancy, he instantly raged and stormed, as if the demonstration of his fumes were to be presented upon the Theatre of folly; sometimes he would stamp, and in a moment stare, as if his brains had been besotted with a lunatick frensie; then curse *Cupid* because he was contrary to his enterprise; and yet instantly yield many millions of thanks to gracious *Venus*

for investing him a servant to so sweet a Mistress, when repeating the name of *Mersilva*, he would thereat quietly sit down and slumber, as though the Deity of that sacred word had some charming authority to lul him asleep; and again rise, and with detestable reproaches rebuke his eyes, because they so unfortunately anchored upon the Sand of *Mersilva's* Beauty. The Page being all this while spectator of *Plivio*'s tormented passions; and knowing that it was onely his Mistress *Mersilva*'s refusal, which begirt him in that perplexity; instantly (leaving him to his passions) departed, when being arrived to his Mistress's presence, he failed not in the highest degree to depaint her the manifestation of the Gentleman's malady; as also the melancholy humor of his perplexed calamity. Which *Mersilva* no sooner understood, but being afresh inflamed with his affection, she very suddenly in her Princely breast conceived a motion of remorse; being exceedingly sorry that her occasion should administer the sparks of his aggravation: when separating her self from company, she betook her to her Closet (resolving to breath out her passions to her alone) where she was no sooner arrived, but the Princesse *Athelia* knocking at the doore, came to passe the time with her, as also to invite her self for that night her Bedfellow. *Mersilva* smothering up her sorrows under the mask of a merry countenance, bade her (outwardly) welcome (For her inward contemplations ranged upon the Idea of *Plivio*) And so they with familiar dalliance, and friendly conference deluded the time, till Supper
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being done, and the skies overvail'd with the canopy of obscure night, they both betook themselves to their Bed; where both, but (especially *Mersilva*) slept with a watchful countenance, (as having their conceits tracing upon their Favourites perfections. Till splendid *Aurora*, the joyful messenger of *Phæbus*, had no sooner in combate conquered the vastal Night, and so given the sable Clouds a valorous overthrow; but radiant *Titan* transpiercing his darts through their Damask-curtains, early in the morn, made *Mersilva* arise; who without any noise (leaving *Abelia* in bed) apparelled her self, directing her course to the Fields, when circumferencing divers pleasant Meadows, she at last arrived to a fragrant Mountain, where not onely finding that the Spring did present her with a delicious umbrage, but also that *Phæbus* had there exhaled the Balmy-drops from the face of *Flora* she very lovely (on the verdant grasse) most majestically layed her down, (having a bush of Eglantine branches (interlaced with Coussips) in her hand, not onely to repulse the Rayes of ard-nt *Olympus*, but also to keep off the Gnats and Bees which delighted to range upon the bloomy Roses of her Damask-cheeks; where pensively contemplating with her senses, she at last breathed out these speeches:

Ah *Mersilva*! how are thy conceits now suddenly caught in the snares of affection! and how are thy delightful pleasures now diverted to amorous passions! Can the model of thy capacity, which heretofore could receive no impression, become now

thus for investing him a servant to so sweet a Mistress when repeating the name of *Mersilva*, he would thereat quietly sit down and slumber, as though the Deity of that sacred word had some charming authority to lul him asleep; and again rise, and with detestable reproaches rebuke his eyes, because they so unfortunately anchored upon the Sand of *Mersilva's* Beauty. The Page being all this while spectator of *Plivio's* tormented passions; and knowing that it was onely his Mistresse *Mersilva's* refusal, which begirt him in that perplexity; instantly (leaving him to his passions) departed, when being arrived to his Mistresses presence, he failed not in the highest degree to depaint her the manifestation of the Gentlemans malady; as also the melancholy humor of his perplexed calamity. Which *Mersilva* no sooner understood, but being afresh inflamed with his affection, she very suddenly in her Princely breast conceived a motion of remorse, being exceedingly sorry that her occasion should administer the sparks of his aggravation: when separating her self from company, she betook her to her Closet (resolving to breath out her passions to her alone) where she was no sooner arrived, but the Princesse *Atbelia* knocking at the doore, came to passe the time with her, as also to invite her self for that night her Bedfellow. *Mersilva* smothering up her sorrows under the mask of a merry countenance, bade her (outwardly) welcome (For her inward contemplations ranged upon the Idea of *Plivio*) And so they with familiar dalliance, and friendly conference deluded the time, till Supper
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being done, and the skies overvail'd with the canopy of obscure night, they both betook themselves to their Bed; where both, but (especially *Mersilva*) Slept with a watchful countenance, (as having their conceits tracing upon their Favourites perfections. Till splendid *Aurora*, the joyful messenger of *Phæbus*, had no sooner in combate conquered the vastal Night, and so given the sable Clouds a valorous overthrow; but radiant *Titan* transpiercing his darts through their Damask-curtains, early in the morn, made *Mersilva* arise; who without any noise (leaving *Athelia* in bed) apparelled her self, directing her course to the Fields, when circumferencing divers pleasant Meadows, she at last arrived to a fragrant Mountain, where not onely finding that the Spring did present her with a delicious umbrage, but also that *Phæbus* had there exhaled the Balmy-drops from the face of *Flora* she very lovely (on the verdant grasse) most majestically layed her down, (having a bush of Eglantine branches (interlaced with Coussips) in her hand, not onely to repulse the Rayes of ard-nt *Olympus*, but also to keep off the Gnats and Bees which delighted to range upon the bloomy Roses of her Damask-cheeks; where pensively contemplating with her senses, she at last breathed out these speeches:

AH *Mersilva*! how are thy conceits now suddenly caught in the snares of affection! and how are thy delightful pleasures now diverted to amorous passions! Can the model of thy capacity, which heretofore could receive no impression, become now tractable

tractable to receive any print ? and must thy tender
breast be so soon given over to affection ?

Which words she had no sooner uttered, but casting aside her sight, she might very plainly perceive her (unexpected) Plivio approach, wheretoat exceedingly blushing (because such fortunate news in- charmed her purpled blood to assemble) she immediately prepared herself to entertain him ; who being arrived (as the Praeludium of his blisfulness) imboldned himself to kisse her, wherein he so exquisitely delighted, that he absolutely resolved, her coral lips had attractive power, on so sweet a soyle to make his domestical demeur; but at last recalling his senses (though unwilling to depart from so sacred a solace) and setting her down on a proper bank (which the Lady May had made the more pleasant in bestowing for his recognisance a uerdant li- very) regarding her very lovingly, and straining her modesty by her Lily hand, at last (though affection a long time had made his tongue silent) with a trembling Rhetorical voice he laid his siege in this sort.

Most beautiful Mersilva ! My humane eyes no sooner reflected their aspects upon the dainty soyle of your divine beauty, but I immediately felt my breast inspired with the sudden flames of lovely Citberea ; the which in respect my abrupt Epistle can hardly relate, I am now on purpose come to present my faithful service to your sacred benignity protecting that in heart I alone adore your exquisitely self.

self, as the Celestial Image to whom I bind and consecrate my earthly devotions: therefore, faire Mersilva, I beseech you to return my Love affection, my Courtesie kindnesse, and my Suit acceptance, that triumphing over fortune, I may give despaire a farewell, & so again cherish my afflicted hope, with the joy which your delectable self shall ingender in my more then joyful imaginations.

Mersilva well noting with what zealous affection he pronounced his speeches, could instantly have found in her heart to condiscend to his so reasonable request, but (though transported with Loue) thinking so soone to yield, were in her sex a point of imprudency, she at last framed him this answer.

PLIVIO! The fairest flowers do commonly harbour the fowlest wasps; and where the stream seemeth most delectable, it is often most dangerous; sweet words are but counterfeit shadowes for deceit; and when the skye seemeth cleere, it commonly presageth a storm, Men in these dayes resemble the pictures of *Janus*, which can fit a colour for every countenance, and a fancie for every favour; therefore as I will trust none, so I mean not to try any; lest reposing confidence unadvisedly, I buy repentance too deare, and so discretion comming too late, cry *peccavi* out of season. Diana's maxims in my capacity are not so soone evaporated, neither will I so prejudice my quality to account *Venus* my patronesse; in the mirrour

of experience I daily see the downfal of divers, in respect whereof, by others harms I mean to be ware. Therefore, *Flivio*, if thou leavest thy suit, I will perchance love thee as a friend; or, if the contrary, assuredly hate thee as an enemy.

Flivio perceiving his Saint to fight alwayes under the Banner of cruelty, (as also that she held his fidelity in suspect) Having his tormented Muse singulph'd in the Ocean of perplexity, did a long time remain silent; but again reflecting his regards upon the daintiness of her (excelling) beauty, broung his spirits, answered her as followeth.

VVhy faire *Mersilva*, one Swallow makes not a Summer, nor doth forepast matters include future maxims: Affection cometh by destiny, not by device; and is therefore natural, not artificial; it is hard to censure of my qualities by others conditions, and very difficult to judge of my affections by others infidelity; therefore because you mistrust that many circumstances overvalle inconstancy, I will cease onely with this sincere protestation; That my Love to *Mersilva* is firm, not fickle; faithful, not fained; and so grounded upon the rock of immoveable, intire amity, that as my dayes shall demonstrate my perpetual affection, so my death shall testifie my immortal Fidelity,

Mersilva understanding this his constant resolution, (as being penetrated to the quick with the dart of Cupid) immediately blushed in such amorous

rons sort, that she could scarce refrain from condescending to his demand; but at last danting her Vermilion complexion with a modest countenance, she briefly returned him this sharp Reply.

VVhy *Plivio*, it is high time to impose a conclusion to our conference, since the theam whereon you descant proceedeth from folly; for if you conjecture that my conceits will stoop to the (alluring) bait of Love, you decieve your Hope with a vain absurd imagination, and onely with the Mastiffs of *Cirum* bark against the Moone. What I outwardly speake, I in heart inwardly presuppose; therefore ground the Anchors of your speech in the sands of silence; and presume not to present her with the Pils of your Love, which esteem not any way of your affection.

Here perplexed *Plivio* was on the point to answer her Poetry. But *Mersilva* perceiving by the mutability of his countenance, to what harbour he still directed his course; very suddenly without taking Conge, departed; where leaving him to his perplexities, and her to her passions, we will for a while erre from their proceedings, and a little entreat of Prince *Medors* adventures.



Prince Medor, as before you have heard, having gotten the good will of the Princesse Florina, and settled his affection in the soyles of her memory, was in the prime of his hope and entranc of his expectation frnstrated by King Agenor her Father, because he utterly denied to match his Daughter with him, in respect of an ancient quarrel between Medors Father and himself. So that Medor seeing he could not obtain his purpose, nor so much as conferre with his desired Florina, (because the King her Father had to that effect conveyed her secretly to the Country, he immedately (perwig-
ing his Capaciy with Honour) resolved for a whiles to travel, hoping that the influence of time would raze out the residence of the Kings indignation : So as assummoning his wits to appeare before the Theatre of Discretion, he at last determined by Sea to voyage to the Isle of Madagascar, there to remain with his Uncle Duke Alphonso. But yet, if departing without Conge of his Saint, she might meritoriously rebuke him of ingratitude, he de-
termined to send her a Letter: and so taking ink and paper, the tears standing in his eyes, he wro^t to this effect.

To the most fair Princesse FLORINA,
Eternal Contentation.

Sweet Lady ! Destiny resolving to metamorphose our pleasant Nectar into bitter Aconitum, hath doubtless infligite

infigated the King your Father, to bind his invective malice against our innocence: So that dear Florina I must depart, and being constrained to lose the paradise of thy angelical personage, live, I know not where in the Acheron of exact Hell; Oh Camelion Fortune! not faithfull in any thing, but in absurd infidelity! How can I live without fixing mine eyes upon the Beauty of faire Florina? and losing her sight, how can I demeure upon this vain earth, without drowning my self in the briniste tears which distill from the Conduit of mine eyes? But such (fair Princesse!) is my fortune, nay unfortunate fortune, because the Gods in the Synod of their resolutions have imposed it for a period to commence my misery; nay more then so, I think ratified it for a plague to impale me within the circumference of endlesse disconsolation. But sweet (Florina!) in what desolate place soever I erect my residence, my contemplations shall range upon the Idea of your Beauty, and my Capacity ruminate upon the Phynomie of your perfections: For in the Closet of my distempered breast I will establish the Image of your sweet Personage; and daily upon the Altar of Love sacrifice scalding sighs, in testimonial of my immovable affections. Therefore, heavenly Paragon of my Capacity, and earthly Queen of my imaginations, pluck up your courage from the profundity of sorrow, and resolve, that maugre the treachery of fortune, or the cruelty of the fates, I will shortly return, and despight destiny crown our amity with the triumph of contentation, Therefore, sweet Florina, till again I am blest by enjoying the celestial substance of your sacred presence, I will rest as I am (and till death mean to be) that is, ever constant to Florina, or always faithlesse to my self.

Your vowed and devoted

G 4

Servant Medor.

Which having ended, he forthwith delivered to a Gentleman of his to convey; and so at Galathis finding a ship ready to set sail for *Madagascar*, he immediately therein departed; where being a long time floating upon the back of *Nereus*, and having past the Isle of *Maio Cape Verd*, and *Cape bone fortune*, he was at last betwixt the Bay *St. Anne* and Isle *Fernando*, overtaken by a cruel tempestuous storm, which continuing a long time, forced them to stop at *L' Golpho Delfei* in *Africa*; where getting the shore, and finding himself weak by reason of his sea-sicknesse, he instantly vowed there to make his demeur, and so taking leave of his ship-master, and bestowing his liberality upon the Company, he there betook himself (as aforesaid) to erect his residence; till at last being advertised by a Merchant of *Tormane*, that the Court of *Zanfara* was the Rendezvouz of the flower of Chivalry, he determined thither to travel: In which journey, some ten Leagues from the Court, by chance straying into a Forrest, and arriving to a solitary Cottage, whose situation in all things corresponded with his distasteful passions, he (all prepositions to the contrary) resolved there to make his abode; the better to delude the doleful time whiles he was absent from his fair *Florina*, (For to a lover separated from his Saint, there is nothing so agreeable, as solitarinesse, which alwayes presents him opportunity to record his amourous passions apart.) And the better to mask his secrecy from the sight of neighbouring spectators, he shrowded himself in a Hermites weed, seeming outwardly to all passers,

gers, the chief inhabitant of that vastall Grove; where forgetting his former dignity, and solacing himself with the remembrance of his fair *Florina*, he a long time lived as a man which had forsaken the alluring jollities of this sickle world, devoted his soul to the onely enjoying of celestial felicities. But love which still pierced him to the quick (with the beauty of his Mistresse) would not so abandon this her amorous favourite, but so tyrannously intoxicatid his conceits with ardent flames of affection, that thinking to sleep, *Cupid* would permit *Morpheus* no entertainment; but enforced him divers times to arise, and pourtray forth his passions in affirmation of his fidelity: where amongst many Sonnets and Elogies which he penned in memory of his absent *Florina*, I will not omit to relate these three following; because they are partly incident to the accomplishing of this our History.

The first he framed in an arboury adjoyning to his Hermitage, which displayes the Beauty of his Saint, to this effect following:

*The picture of Florina fair,
Within my breast doth finely spring
Her lovely self and beauty rare
Unto my senses joyes doth bring.*

*Her sweet delightful colour pure,
Unto my throbbed thoughts doth send
Some hope of constant love secure,
Which dainty Love I still attend.*

Her

Her constant Eyes like Starres most bright,
Doth alwayes shine within my minde.
Her Lily hev and lovely sight
Printed within my breast I find.

Her cherry-Cheeks of taint most fair,
In snow white fields doth lurk and lie,
Her coral-Lips like pastures rare,
Doth force me there for food to lie.

Her azured Veins like Rivers pure
Through dainty soyls doth fleet and run,
Her slender Waste did soon procure
My stedfast love long since begun.

Her speech most sweet unto my mind
At all times ease for grief doth send;
Her pretty pace, behaviour kind,
Likewise some shew of love doth lend.

Her modest grace, Vermilion hue,
Like Claret-colour fair doth shew;
Her self, her sight, and smiles most true,
In love with her did make me grow.

Her Beauty fair at first espie
Inforc'd my mind her self to love:
Therefore Florina, till I die,
Most constant to your self Ile prove.

The second, approving his Constaney, he coyned
In his Closet, which was as followeth:

OF FIDELITY.

You little Birds, flie swiftly to my Dear,
And there unfold my faithfull constancy :
Tell her, my loyal Love shall firm appear,
And whiles I live, all others I desie :
Unfold my minde, and make her know for sure,
Her Grace and Beauty did my Love procure.

You whistling Winds, go tell my Mistresse fair,
That still till death her Beauteous self I love ;
Disclose to her, that first her taint most rare
To Cupids lure my tender Breast did move :
Vow, swear and plead by right of reasons law,
That first her sight my Breast to love did draw.

You Sun-bright Beams of Phœbus splendant light,
When with your golden Haire through azured Skies
You wipe the Dew from dainty flowers bright ;
Go tell my Mistresse, that her piercing Eyes
At first prospect did so my heart inchain,
That constant to her still I must remain.

You pleasant Flowers which in fair Gardens spring,
Reiate unto my sweetest Saint most fair,
That still her absence doth annoyes me bring,
And always doth my joy with grief impair :
Go plainly tell that when I lose her sight,
My Sun is soon obscure'd with darke some night.

You stately Woods, inform my Phoenix faire,
That on your lofty verdant trees most tall,
I have with faithfull Pen, as well elsewhere,
Engrav'd her name which first did work my thral,
And

And written for her sake full many a rime,
In dainty morn of lady May's chief prime.

You Valleys fair, in mid' whereof doth run
Sweet silver streams of dainty water pure:
Go tell my goddesse, that my love begun,
Till death, and after death must needs endure,
Run swiftly, run, and swear, till final end,
A thousand sigbes for her sweet sake I send.

The third is the description of a Dream, which
he in his sleep conceived to this effect:

When darksom night began to vest apace
Her Vlie Mantle on the Sun-bright day;
When Clouds obscure resolv'd to ran their race,
And with the pale-fac'd Moon to sport and play;
Lo then, even then as slumbering on my Bed,
A lovely Dream ore-whelm'd my drowsie head.

Me thought I saw my Florina fair
Sitting alone in princely modest sort,
Within the circuit of a golden Chaire;
Where with her tears her heavenly baire did sport,
In night attire, a Coif of Holland pure,
Wheras she sigb'd, and sometimes slept secure.

A Cloke of milk-white Damask did she beare
All lin'd with azured Sattin end for end;
And likewise under that, a robe did wear
Of blushing skarlet, which did to me send

The

The sight (fair sight) of Velvet Slippers pure,
Wherin her naked Feet did rest endure.

Her Colour pale, and yet as Cbrystal clear,
Did freshlybly shine within her Angel face ;
Her cherry Lips whercon delight did pear,
Again did deck her hue with lovely grace ;
Grace so compleat, as Art can never blame,
Nor once the like Dame nature may not frame.

And yet amid'ft her Lily Cheeks did spring
A bloomy Rose of Crymson sanguine bue ;
Which sight unto my gladsom breast did bring
Celestial joy, which did my hea't subdue.
Her splendant Eyes like Stars divinely bright,
Did shine most fair, within my fancies sight ;

Sight which did force my trembling self to trae
Unto the presence of my beautious Dear,
Wherewhen she saw me with a princely grace
She rous'd her spirits, yet fraughted with some fear,
Begant to sigh, itb' mid'ft her sighes did say,
Oh, welcome Mador ! Feare fly now away.

And then me thought, Oh ! I with arms outspread
Did softly take my faire Florina kinde,
And laid her on her dainty maiden Bed
Whereto in honest sort I always lin'd,
And gave her many a time a chaffe sweet kisse,
Which then was sole contentment of my blisse ;

Wher-

Whereas she soon with lovely tears did pray,
 And praying blush'd, and blushing pray'd again,
 That I would then Dame Honours bese obey,
 And from all Venus-toyes my self refrain:
 Where to at first, I soon did condescend,
 And so in talk we both the time did spend.

At last in trembling sort, she faltering said,
 Since (Parma) now thou hast perform'd my will,
 And instantly my dear command obey'd,
 No doubt hereafter thou shalt joy thy fill:
 For Jove will grant, where men aright require,
 In honest sort their chiehest hearts desire.

Which having said, away she clean did fade,
 Quite from my sight in twinkling of an eye,
 And so from slumbering sleep mine eyes soon made
 The fresh Aurora quickly to espie:
 When day was come, I knew it was but a Dream,
 Whereof the thought doth breed me woes extream.

IT were too tedious to relate from point to point
 The austere life which Prince Medor in this soli-
 tary Grove led. Therefore let this suffice: This
 being pestered with ardent affection, he finally vow-
 ed to devote the pilgrimage of his dayes to Florind
 Service, & protested to adore her as the sacred Di-
 xie to whom he dedicated the generality of his ter-
 restrial devotions. Therefore leaving him to his
 disconsolate living, and his tormented Conceits to
 be solaced by patience; We will again intreat what
 befell Prince Thalmo, and his fair Atbelia.

Thalmo

195
T~~HALMO~~ as you have heard, perceiving his Athelia to be always devoted to cruelty, and conjecturing with himself that she triumphed of his martyrdome, being overeome with Love, and fraughted with affection, could reap no rest of his Conceits, untill he was made fortunate by prospecting the object of her singular Beauty. So that resolving to speak with her, and knowing her in the next adjoyning A:bour, he boldly advancing his pace, saluted her in this sort.

M~~ost~~ fair Athelia! the nature of Planets is to have each his Influence: and therefore I am of purpose come, to know whether you are diverted from your accustomed cruelty.

Athelia blushing to see Thalmo present; yet shadowing her love under the mask of coynesse, very soon returned him this sharp Answer:

F~~ond~~ Thalmo! If Planets have power to transform manners, then I hope your old Folly is metamorphosed to new Discretion. For my part, remain as I was accustomed; and if you the like, when as you came unlook'd for, you may depart when you please.

Thalmo seeing he was so peremptorily answered, prosecuted his purpose in this sort following:

W~~hy~~ fair Athelia, should I which from the birth of your first aspect have been to you faithful, become

become now to your Deity inconstant; Or woul
you counsel me to divert my forepast affection into
future hatred?

Wherunto *Athelia* replied:

Thalmo, thy hatred doth more please me then
thy affection, and yet I care little for both,
and for thy self lesse.

Thalmo being ready to answer her, was instantly
by *Levina* her Gentlewoman prevented, who came
of purpose to attend her Mistresse; the which no
sooner espied, but vailing his Bonnet with a sor-
rowful resolution he departed, raging against *Capil*
in respect he had predestinated him to serve so cru-
el a Mistresse: when walking apart in a private place
there next adjoyning, he espied his Saint *Athelia* to
dire& her course to the Court: by vertue whereof
re-entering the Arbour, and lying himself to the
Bower, he there espied A Nosegay which *Athelia*
had left behinf her; whereunto very often smel-
ling, he at last, at so fantastical a Subject, indited
this ensuing Ditty.

Say Crimson-Rose and dainty Daffadil,
With Violet blew;
Since you have seen the Beauty of my Saint,
Andeke ber view:
Did not ber sight (fair sight) you lovely fill
With sweet delight
Of Goddesse grace and Angels sacred taint
In fine most bright?

Say, golden Prim-rose, sanguine Cou-slip faire,
With Pinck most fine ;
Since you beheld be Vimage of my Dear,
And Eyes divine :
Did not her globy Front, and glistering Hair,
With Cheeks most sweet,
So gloriously like Damask flowers appear,
The gods to greet ?

Say, snow white Lily, speckled Gil-y-flower,
With Daisie gay ;
Since you have viewed the Queen of my desire,
In brave array :
Did not her Ivory Paps, fair Venus Bower,
With heavenly glee
Of Juno's grace, conjure you to require
Her face to see ?

Say Rose, say Daffadil, and Violet blew,
With Primerose faire ;
Since you have seen my Nymphs sweet dainty-face,
And gesture rare :
Did not, bright Cou-slip, bloomy Pinck, her view
White Lily, shine,
Ab Gil-y flowers, and Daisie, with a grace !
Like Stars divine ?

Having thus breathed out his Passion upon the
fragrant Nose-gay, and yet therewith nothing ap-
plauded, continually burning in conceit, to see his
faire *Abelia* absent, he at last, resolved to finde her
secretly in her Closets: where very pensively enter-

ing, and not seeing her there, finding her Standish on the Table directly open; he on a fair Paper, which of purpose he brought with him, indited this ensuing Sonnet :

*Earths onely Phœnix, Map of Modesty,
Angel of grace, pure Paragon of praise :
Ab, from your breast now banish cruelty,
That yet in fine, some hope I may eraise!*

*Fair Saint, bright soveraign of my tender breast,
Sweet Nymph, dear darling of heavens Deity,
How may my Muse with endlesse grief oprtest
Display the pourtract of my misery !*

*Ab sure, my Muse, nor yet Parnassus train
Cannot relate my burning hearts desire ;
Beceause in Beauties fire I do remain. (stroy.
Fire, which I fear will life and breast de-*

*Will lovely fire destroy both life and all ?
Then welcome death sweet actor of my ease :
Ab on thy sacred influence I call,
Because thy tortures best my mind doth please.*

*Come Death ! else, Dear, invest my suit with Love ;
With Love which of your self I do implore,
That so your bashfull sweet consent may move
Jove's Deity my life for to restore.*

*Else minion of my thoughts, fair Saint, farewell,
Farewell my joy, my breasts sweet extasie,*

And Cupid to the world now weeping tell,
That firm and constant to my Nymph I die.

The which having ended, he very zealously kiss'd
and doubting whether she would for that night
have occasion to use her Standish, took the Sonnet,
and laid it fairly on her milk-white Pillow; where
falling on his knees, and praying that his service
might be accepted, he *ex tempore* (as having his Muse
bedewed with the Chrystaline water of *Aganippe*) to
himself uttered these Verses.

Imperial Cupid! on whose shrine
I do present my Passions rage,
And to whose Altar I resign
My faithful love, which I engage
Here on my knees I thee require,
*That my *Abelia* now may find*
This bashful Sonnet, whose desire
Is to enjoy an answer kind:
And let his sight have perfect leave
Her cruel Breast to mollifie;
That my pretence may once receive
Some sacred sign of amitie.

Which words pronounc'd, he (giving her dainty
Chamber a solemn Conge) immediately directed his
course to the Court; where he was no sooner ar-
rived, but a superbious Page apparelled in crim-
son, with a lofty resolution, delivered him these
prov'd speeches. Sir, Prince *Almion* my master, be-
ing certifid of the love thou bearest the Princesse

Athelia (affecting her beauty more firmly than thy self) protesteth his Valour thy Rival; and to the intent thou shalt know his courageous determination, he hath by me sent thee this resolute defiance, which I here deliver thee. The which *Thalmo* opening found to this effect therein contained:

THou proud Arabian! Being by the wind of a true report informed of thy aspiring affections; and seeing thou takest the Lady *Athelia*, to be thy Saint, which the world knoweth I have (with honour) so long served: My courage disdaining to digest so unpleasant a disgrace, bath by virtue thereof sent thee this defiance, commanding thee, that as thou pretendst thy love to *Athelia* faithfull thou alone in the Castle trench after Dinner (with thy Rapier drawn) meet me, where I will teach thy lewdnesse to chose my Love, and make thee know, that in all things, thou hast abused thy superior: And so expecting thy answer, together with thy acceptance, I rest,

Thy mortal Foe,
Almion Prince of Calexit.

Thalmo wondering to hear such unexpected news, and yet disdaining to be outbraved by any *Zanfarian* Seignior, boldly by his own Page returned him this answer:

Vnderstanding (*Almion*) by the tenor of thy defiance that for my Love to *Athelia*, thou profferest me Combate: Know that my nature is such, that I disdain, for her sake to refuse any; and so in token of acceptance,
I here

I berewith send thee my Gantlet; assuring thee that if I live, I will at the time and place a signed meet thee, To demonstrate that my affection is such to Athalia, that whilest I live, I will dedicate my love to her Service; and neither thy valour (nor fear of death) shall raze her resemblance out of my memory: and so charging thee not to fail to accomplish thy Promise; I in hope thereof remain,

Thy professed Enemy,

Thalmo.

The Combat (as you have heard) being appointed, and the hour come, Thalmo according to his promise failed not to present himself; where, in stead of meeting his Rival Almion, he was (there) very treacherously encountered by a crew of desperate Russians, which (of purpose) were there by Almion placed in an Ambuscado to destroy him; who seeing they so fiercely approached him, instantly began to fit himself to defend their fury: where with a magnanimous courage he dealt such gallant blows amongst them, that at first, not able to endure his manhood, they were generally forced to retire: but after stretching their Veins, and redoubling their strength, they very valourously (as being desperate servants) flew upon him, where they so manfully behaved themselves that Thalmo not able to withstand their force, was glad to retire, and take the Castle wall for his defence; where he so valiantly behaved himself, that for recompence of their treachery, he made many of them bear the badge of his Cician Blade: but in fine, their force bearing sway, and their number masterdome, he

unfortunately received many dangerous wounds; from whence such abundance of his Vermil-blood distilled, that finding his body weak, and feeling his senses fail him, thinking there was no way but death, falling to the ground, and gasping as he thought his last, he in memory of his dear Athelia breathed out these speeches:

*Lo now my blood shall testifie
To sweet Athelia's amitie,
How constant Thalmo did remain,
When death his life almost did gain.*

But now remark how fortune never faileth to assist fidelity! For *Thalmo* had no sooner uttered these his speeches, But Prince *Plivio* being there in a Number behind a Bank next adjoyning, hearing the name of *Thalmo* repeated, immediately started up; and seeing the Prince his Cousin to be in danger amongst these rageful Russians, very suddenly (as having his breast inspired with part of his Associates calamities) stopt to his assistance: where making way with his sword, he again lifted him on his feet, and so praying his Cousin to be of courage, stopt to his Adversaries, where he distributed such valorous payment amongst them, that in fine they being some fled, and the rest vanquished, he triumphantly remained Conquerour: which no sooner he had finished, but with his best art binding up his Cousins wounds, he immediately conveyed him to a skilful Chyrurgion there next adjoyning, commanding him to dress him with all care and industry,

dustry; And so recovering a gallant Courser, he speedily post d to the Court, and advertising *Atkelia* of these sorrowful news, she thereat (as being in conceit slain) immediately fell to the gronnd in a trane. *Plivio* seeing the arrival of this unexpected tragical accident, bethought himself what was fittest to be done; and so at last calling his Lunatick senies before the throne of Discretion, he employed his best diligence for the recovery of the Lady which very soon he effected, praying her to be of good comfort, for that there was no doubt to be made of *Thalmo*'s health, The Princesse being therewith a little qualifid, for a whiles appeased her self; yet continually weeping to see him suffer such (painful) misery for her sake (and knowing it was her affection Which induced him to endure so desperate a hazard) bethinking how to comport her self in so tragical an enterprise, at last (shedding full many a tear in his memory) she resolved by his friend *Plivio* to send him a kind Letter, which as a Preservative-Mediatrix should console him in his malady; and so calling for pen and paper she wrote to this effect:

To desolate *THA LMO* Salutations.

THALMO! If thou marvel to see the appearance of this my Letter; why, resolve, it was the news of thy misfortune which bath caused my affection to put pen to paper; the which bath so replenished my senses with sorrow, that I may even right-well say, there are almost no words herein contained, but bath been wash'd with a tear, nor no fillable

yllable but hath been saluted with a sigh. Before mine eyes, methinks, Parasius doth naturally present me with the physnomy of thy misfortune; and in the Closet of my conceit, Apelles proffereth me the Idea of thy aggravation; which untimely tragical prospect doth so pierce to the profoundity of my senses sorrowful imagination, that I almost melt into tears, in that my objur'd occasion should be the Administer of thy prejudicial Accident. Yet, valorous Thalmo! since it is none but Athelia that is the original Actresse of thy misfortune: why, in courtesie, know that to the Confines of my power I will research the means to recompence thy affections with such friendly applauisable amity, as either thou in right canst with honour ask, or I in reason may with honesty afford. In which mean time, till experience demonstrate thee what a deuile ~~zeale~~ I have to congratulate thy valorous (and vertuous) affections, I abruptly end, continually upon the Altar of Love sacrificing many millions of penetential Oraisons for thy speedy Recovery: And so in hope thereof, recommending my sorrows to your favourable censure, I unsaiuedly rest,

Yours as her own,

ATHELIA.

This Letter being conveyed by Plivis, and received of Thalmo, did instantly infuse such encouragement to his despairful malady, that in few dayes he recovered: And contemplating in his breast on the courteous Epistle which his deare Athelia had sent him, thought she would (or at least well might) condemn him of impudent ingratitude, if he vouchsafed not to return her a correspondent Answer: whereupon enforing himself to sit up, he endited this enluing Letter:

Most

Most fair Athelia, (and therefore fair, because Athelia !) Being fortunately presented with the essence of your (sacred) Epistle, I instantly felt my tormented senses to be ravished within the Lists of exquisite conuentation : But at last in trembling wise unripping the seals, and perusing thereof the sweet Nectar-substance ; I not only deemed my Conceits, but likewise my self to be in an exaste, tracing within the divine Eden of Elizium : so as administering that sovereign Antidote to my green wounds, I find the vertue thereof so pleasant, and the nature so delectable, that from a sickly Patient I am become a sound Personage, and from a dead Man in shew a living Saint in substance. Therefore, fair Athelia upon the shrine of Love and altar of your absence, I not only thank thee for the re-establishing of my liberty, but also for the restoring of my life : Which benign (nay blisful) Courtesie, my sense in this world shall be always mindful to requite, and my soule in the Celestial paradise to come, never forgetfull to coneratulate. The fervency of my fauful love, and the Idea of your fair perfections, doth bathe my Muse in the streams of distempered contemplations : Therefore what I omit with silence, countervale with a favourable censure ; or let passe unpolished, rectifie with a smiling conceit : So shall my Muse have a meritorious subject to acknowledge your benignity ; my self a deserved instance to eternize your courtesie ; and both a delectable motive unfainedly to remain

Yours now and ever,

THALMO.

A-

Athelia perceiving by this Letter, that he had for that time made the Bark of his courage double the point of death, being thereof exceedingly glad, could find no rest in the Chaos of her joyful conceits, untill she had fix'd her eyes upon the (desired) Object of his Personage, within whose incirclets remained her chiefest solace: So that at last finding a fit opportunity, when both the King and Queen her Parents were absent, (taking with her onely *Levina*) she hyed her to the Lodge where she was advertised *Thalmo* was resident; and so being by the Lady of the house conducted to his Chamber, she very modestly opening the door, entred. Which *Thalmo* being pensively there alone walking, (having his Arm bound up with a Lavender-scarf, betokening hope) no sooner espied, but he forthwith (as doubting whether waking or in a dream) went and imbraced her: where upon her Coral-lips, the sympathy of their affection was of each part so celestially united, that their eyes attractively reflecting piercing aspects upon each others sight, did (as ambassadours of Love) in the Closet of their breast seek to confirm a mutual alliance: the contemplation whereof forced their breath to bereave their tongues of the use of parlying; till at last when an amorous blush had given Conge to that so pleasing encounter, *Athelia* (the tears standing in her eyes) began in this sort:

AH *Thalmo*! The news of thy misfortune hath invited me hither; and therefore marvel not at my unexpected arrival: I am now of purpose come

come to display before thine eys the model of my love, and to make thy sight a prospecter of my chaste fidelity, which albeit the appearance thereof hath been hitherto hidden under the mask of secrerie, yet know (dear Thalmo) that thy forcible Virtue hath long since made breach of my maiden affections, and as the *Avant Coureur* of Cupid, hath buile his Tent in the proudest situation of my amorous breast.

Thalmo having his ears repleated with this blisful news, and perceiving by the fervency of her method, that she spake no more than Love did en-duce her; very instantly, as being ravished with o-vermuch joy, giving her the impression of a sec-ond kiss, and softly straining her by her Lily-hand, very kindly returned her this courteous Answer.

A H fair Athelia! thy divine speeches hath brea-thed life in my despairful personage; and likewise caused my breast to triumph over my fick-nesse, which I heretofore conjectured would not onely have conquered my conceits, but also with Atropos cut off the vital threed of my life: There-fore welcome sweet Athelia to thy sorrowful Thal-mo; and millions of thanks to gracious Fortune, for investing mine Eyes with the sweet Object of your dainty Personage! But gazing on the rarity of your Beauty, whither wander my conceits to erect Trophies in the Air, or Piramids in the Sky; that I forget my self so much, as not to gratifie your Love

Love with reciprocall affection? but pardon me, sweet Athelia, and attribute the defects of my capacity to the distempered contemplations of my imbecility; and, Athelia, resolve that I will both now and ever honour you as the immortall Saint of my Fortunacy; adore you as the eternal goddesse of my prosperity, and esteem of you as the sacred image of my felicity.

Athelia being ravished with the sweet cadence of these his sugar'd speeches, in lieu of his courtesie returned him this kind reply:

Why Princely Thalmo, where there is no offence committed, the excuse ensueth of custome: therefore thy actions having cleared thee from imputation; fear not, for thy pardon is already granted, in respect whereroof, advance in Love, and I will prosecute in Affection; proceed in Amity, and I will correspond in Friendship: The which to approve, take here my heart and hand as the steadfast seal of my immortal constancy; vowed before the Imperial throne of Heaven, to establish onely Thalmo as husband within the youthful garden of my tender juvenility.

Thalmo esteeming himself exceeding fortunate, by the receipt of this angelical reply, In congratulation of her professed Amity, returned her this joyful Answer:

THE gift sweet (Princesse) of your sincere affection, doth with blisful applause, so repeat the influence of my capacity, that in recompence thereof; I vow not onely to dedicate my zealous devotions to the shrine of your bright excellency, but also to finish my terrestrial Pilgrimage in enroling my self a loyal Servant upon the marble-Seat of your maiden contemplations.

Thus with many amorous ceremonies they firmly (each to other) contracted themselves; and in such affectionate sort, that neither the frowns of Fortune, the treachery of time, or the Sugar of insinuation, should either blast the blossome of their flourishing friendship, or once daunt the appearance of their immovable fidelity: and the more delightedly to manifest their merriment, they ratified their resolutions with many heavenly kisses. So that having brought this lovely Couple to a sacred attonement, we will for a whiles leave them to the Paradise of their contemplations; and a little discourse of the strange accidents which befall the Lady *Florina*.

Florina

Lorina (as you have before heard) living very sorrowful in her desolate Castle, was at last by Agenor the King her Father commanded to return to the Court, (all delay to the contrary set apart) wherat being exceedingly discontented (in respect the effecting thereof would prejudice her devotions due to her Dear *Medor*) she very peremptorily, as being a faithful Amator of his perfection, utterly refused thereunto to condescend; King Agenor her father, being advertised of her stubborn resolution, instantly sent forth Pursevants (perforce) to bring her to the Court; but she being before (by some of the Nobility her friends) therewith acquainted, summoned her wits to a parley how she might avoid her Fathers indignation: at last, knowing there was no other means for her to escape than to shroud her self under some Peasants Cottage; forgetting both her Princely birth, and flourishing dignity, she instantly maugre all contrary oppositions thereunto, address her self, so that reaping an exceeding delight, to see the homely Shepheards lead their milk-white flocks to the fragrant fields, as also, to hear divers quires of harmonious Birds (at the sight of *Titan* to carol forth their madrigals) she a long time there remained, as well contented as a Damsel in her estate (opprest with Love) might till on a day, bearing a Shepheardeſſe company to the Fields, directly in an evenings edge, as *Phœbus* was flying the Zenith of our Horizon to alight the Antipodes, and silver *Cynthia* began to point out the Pilgrims to their desired rest; as these our two love

ly females were returning from folding their flocks, Florina hiding her self under the Canopy of a sprouting Fig-tree, drawing out her Pen and Paper (out of her Pocket) in praise of a Country life, indited this ensuing Sonnet.

Court harboureth Pride, whilst Countrey doth retain
Instead thereof most rich humility ;
In Countries soyl Love alwayes doth remain,
Whilst Court doth nourish vicious enmity
Ambition still in Court doth pitch his Tent,
And vows even there to make his sole demeure,
Whilst in the Countrey friendly sweet content
Delightfully in Peace doth rest secure.

Which she had no sooner ended, but perusing it again and again, and finding no remembrance of her Medor therein circumferenc'd, blaming her capacity for so oblivious an offence, she at last with as much speed as her tormented conceits and trembling hand could afford, in his memory framed these Verses following.

Though fortune reave me of thy wished sight,
And crosse my Love perfore 'gainst my desire ;
Making my night seem day, and day seems night,
Add yet it both still burn in endlesse fire :
May though I flame, yet doth my soul pretend
In honouring thy self my life to end.

Though time dea in thee from my troubled eyes,
And strownd my self from off my pale aspeas ;

Yet

Yet in thy thought my wandring hope relies,
 And in thy absence writes loves intellects :
 Therefore despight of time thy Princely hue
 Shall cause my maiden-Love for to renew.

Though destiny resolve for to compell
 My sense for to forget thy memory,
 Or i think to make my constant breast expell
 The sweet resemblance of thine amity :
 Yet never shall his power me once constrain
 So wavering to my Mædot to remain.

In fine, though fortune, time, and destiny,
 Would bend their force to make me leave to
 Or joyn in league of rageful unity (love,
 To cause me to my Mædot faithles prove:
 Yet never shall (despight their force) my mynd
 To other love than Mædot's be inclin'd.

The Shepheardesse seeing Florina had now ended, entreated her to repair home, wherunto she willingly accorded; so along they go; the Shepheardesse being replete with Country-applause, and fair Florina replenished with (distempered) amorous contemplation: but long they tript not o're the diaper'd fields, (wherin remark the infidelity of Fortune!) but as they were pleasantly confering together, they might behold a very young Stripling which hasty drew towards them, who being with running almost out of breath, to the Lady Florina uttered these speeches:

Gentle-
he S
spy

Entlewomen, I am of purpose sent to advertise you, that you instantly hide your selfe in some unknowne Grove; for that there are arrived to our Cottage some four or five Cavaliers, which with diligence seek you, who have very grievously wounded my Father, in respect he concealeth your residence. Therefore delayes set apart, it behoveth you (if you affect your tranquillity) to flic: and, beautifull Lady, since the lawes of nature and humanity do bind me generally to aid your Sex, but especially your selfe, I will, if you please; through the Woods and Vineyards conduct you; where I doubt not but you may remaine in most assured peaceful security.

Florina storming to see her Fathers cruelty, and yet rejoicing to behold this Shepheards courtesie, ruminating with her senses which way to wander in this dangerous accident, at last resolved to follow his advice, and so praying the Shepheardesse to accompany her, along they three hie together, directing their course to the Sea-side, which in two days they attain'd without being espied of any: but they were no sooner arrived to----a harbour-Town in the Country of----, but they were instantly informed, that there was likewise search made for her apprehension; whereat being almost overcome with wrath, and vanquished with affection, they immediately without entring the Towne crost the strand, and tracing upon the borders of the Sea, they at last arrived to a little Creek, where spying an aged Fisher-man in his Cock-boat re-

pairing his Nets ; they after having saluted him with a good morrow, askt if he would transport them for pleasure a League on the Sea : the Fisherman demanding what recompence he should have for his pains, well-liking their proffer (and seeing his Boat afloat) thereunto agreed ; so with a mer-ry gale, which blew the Saile from the bending Mast, to Sea they went, where delighting to see the aged Father take store of Fish, as also to see the Boat dance lavolta's on the azured Seas, they in such sort deluded the time, till night being come, and then again returned. But before *Florina* resolved to put foot on shore, she to the ancient Fisherman demonstrated her estate, and likewise prayed him (with tears standing in her eyes) to assist her in this her miserable calamity ; and for her better assurance to convey her every day on the Sea : the old man pitying her estate, and being authentically instig-
ted by the motives of her liberality, soon to her so reasonable request voluntarily condescended ; which course they many dayes observed, with as much joy of *Florina*, as if she had been now triumphing in her former dignity ; till at last, Fortune resolv-
ing to adde more misery to her calamity, caused her unexpected (and sure unmerited) to fall within the labyrinth of a greater ensuing misfortune ; for they so long time daily went to the Sea, till a length, being some two leagues from the shore they were espied by a Pinace, which ranged close along by the clifts to attrap some purchase, who hoisting their Sails, came directly towards them, and so making speedy way, because the winde h-

gan to fresh, did very soon cut their Boat from the shore, commanding them to the main ; which doleful sentence being to this our weake company so dreadfull as the sight of the Wolfe to the innocent Lambs, made them almost dye with grief to think on their disastrous misery ; but especially *Florina*, from whose eyes distilled many fountains of pearled tears, which as the perfect messengers of sorrow, did apparantly demonstrate her insupportable griefe ; but all alas in vain, for there was no remedy to assist her, nor no undaunted *Alcides* neerhand to rescie her from their cruelty; but perforce, they were very rigorously commanded to come aboard, which with a faint courage and sorrowfull resolution they effected, *Florina* being the last that entered, whom the Turkish Slaves no sooner beheld, but (reflecting their eyes upon the sweet object of her angelical beauty) clapping their hands, and throwing up their Caps, they exceedingly rejoiced in that they had gotten so sumptuous a prize, to present their *Soldan* : but all this while, the comfortlesse *Florina* hanging down her head, and diving into dispair, thought she was now on the stage, where the catastrophe of her Tragedy should be acted. But the Captaine of this cursed crew (albeit seldome seen in this our Age) discreetly viewing her beautiful Visage, did from the influence of her constant eyes and modest aspect immediately conceive that she was some vertuous Damsel, extracted of honourable Parentage ; In respect whereof he discharged the rest, and retained only perplexed *Florina*, which he commanded to

be intreated with all benigne favour and courtesie possible ; And to that effect, forsaking his Cabin, he charged his Page therein to lodge her, and to attend her with as great diligence and vigilant curiosity, as his own personage : So that *Florina* (to her consolation) might perceive, that as they entertained her courteously, so they likewise honoured her by never presuming to defloure her of her maidenhood (which she a thousand times esteemed more deare then her life.) But again, remembering her *Mædor*, she would instantly weepe, as if his absent *Idea* had a Regal Prerogative to make her water her Plants : Many bitter sighs she likewise thundered forth to the shrine of his Personage ; and curs'd the unfortunate Fates for investing her with this disastrous misfortune : In her contemplation she delectably ruminated upon his flourishing perfection ; but again pondering upon his absence, and her own present misery, she would forthwith burst into publique exclamacion, cursing the inhumane Destinies for investing the Bulwark of her Breast with such distasteful aggravation. The which the Captain espying, began most debonairly to comfort her dispairful courage, adding moreover with the industrious art of his fluent Tongue, that no disgrace or malefaction should be administred her, but such chaste kindnesse and modest courtesie as should every way correspond with the title of honour. But alas, sweet *Florina*, not understanding his language, could reap no applause by the anagram of his speeches ; but still most bitterly bethailed her misfortune, lying prostrate in her Cabin.

of misery. Where leaving her with the Captain of the Pinace, which resolved to transport her for Constantinople, we will commit her to the favorable occurrent of fortune, and a little treat of *Plivio* and *Mersilva*.



PLIVIO being certainly advertised of his Cousins proceedings, and being made acquainted with the fortunate successe which he had received in his Loves, began instantly to conceive some motion of hope, not doubting but by the means of *Athelia* he might obtain his desired *Mersilva*: Upon the foundation of which hope, apparelling himself in a white Suit of Sattin, cut out upon black Damask, (whose colour in Blazon display Purity and Sorrow) he hyed himselfe to the Court; where enquiring for *Mersilva*, and being answered, she was in company of the Queen, *Athelia*, and other Ladies hunting in the Forrest, he immediately mounted his Courser, and with a gallant pace posted thither; where he was no sooner arrived, but hearing the shrill cry of the no couragious Hounds, and the loud report of the blasting Horns, he thinking the Huntsmen were on the foot of the game, being thereof a desirous spectator, but more zealous to contemplate on the beauty of his Mistresse, he with a devout resolution made his Jennet advance; where traversing the Thickets, we will for a while leave them, and a Cattle treat of the adventures which befell *Mersilva*.

Who, as before you have heard, being in the forest with the Queene busily hunting, it so chanced that the Deer which they chased escaped from their sight; in respect whereof, the Troops both of Knights and Ladies again dispersed themselves to attrap him; amongst the rest there was present a young Cavalier named *Blithion*, which a long time before burned in love with the Princeffe *Mersilva*, and could never reap any fit opportunity to disclose her the secrets of his breaths contemplation, who sought by all means possible to sequester her from the company. At last Dame Fortune (though of *Mersilva* undeserved) determining with her Beauty to administer a treacherous accident, did by her Chameleon-influence cause the harmlesse Princeffe to stray from the sight of her Associates, where ranging discontentedly, as if her courage had been already vanquished by dispair, was at last most unfortunately met by this tormented *Blithion*, who being more then exceeding joyful of this (unexpected) news, giving spurs to his horse, and speed to his courage, in a short space overtook her, where with these unchaste speeches he impudently saluted her as followeth :

Most fair Princeffe! I have long since in my conceits endured many millions of perplexed tortures, which the alone sight of your sacred beauty hath engendered in my tormented contemplation: Therefore, fair Lady, since Destiny seemeth so favourable as to present mine eyes with the sweet object of your excellency, I beseech you to grant

grant my affection the Comble of my ardent desire, that is, To let my breast enjoy those heavenly pleasures of your delicate Virginity, the want whereof hath well-neer already acted the accomplishment of my untimely martyrdom.

Mersilva smiling at these his fond speeches, immediately dying the center of her Lily-cheeks with a Vermilion-blush, (being altogether ashamed at his immodest conference) very sharply (as having anger seated in the furrows of her brow) returned him this bitter Answer.

SIR ! If thy vicious self had been ever trained up in the School of Vertue, thou wouldest have tempered the Preludium of thy speeches with more discretion, and not so lavishly presumed to salute a chaste Lady in such lewd sort : But seeing thy softish tongue hath already uttered that which may not be recalled, Know (impudent Villain) that I disdain thy suit, as the utter prejudice of my unspotted Honour, and detest thy selfe as the (pretended) inhumane Actor of my immortal disgrace. Therefore with speed depart, and instantly give a Conge to thy abrupt folly ; otherwise I will advertise the King of thy lascivious enterprize, and instigate him authentically to reward thy offence with the deserved execution of thy demerits.

Blithian, nothing dismayed at this thundering Answer, but rather more increasing the flames of his lascivious desire, instantly prosecuted his suit in this sort following :

Why *Mersilva*, stand not so much on your points of disdaine ; but rather consider with your selfe, where you now are ; for at present you are destitute from the Court, and exempt of assistance ; so that your Virginity and life lyeth in my disposition : and to advertise you of my resolution, I may not be denied with refusals, nor deluded with delayes ; for despight of fortune, I must satisfie my Love, and now reap the enjoyance of my long desired contention : therefore consent to my will, and repleat your tongue with no more coynesse, otherwise you will inforce me, after possessed of my pleasure, to use you with such inhumane rigour as my nature would scarce proffer to your lovely sex, much lesse to you, whom in heart I have ever adored as the divine Image of my breasts delectation.

Mersilva greatly astonished at his pretence, began exceedingly to weep, because the sequel thereof with sorrow toucht her to the quick ; still fighing and raging, as if the Coffin of her breast would immediately rent in sunder with imminent aggravation, alwaies calling on the goddesse *Diana*, whom sincerely she prayed to revenge her quarrel, and to shelter her from the rapine of this imodest Knight : but at last considering that silence was a shew of consent ; disdaining ever to stain the purity of her fame with deformity, or the Noble discent from whence she was extract, with disgrace ; making a muster of her angry Muses, in the valley of her cerebrovices indignation, she very resolutely with an

un-

undanted audacity returned him this sharp Reply.

IN humane Knight, since thou wilt not be contented with Reason, because reasonless, nor vouchsafe to permit me to depart in patience without blemishing mine honour with the spot of infamy ; know, that rather then I will once consent to thy lascivious demand, or ever agree to thy lustful desire I will voluntarily be the minister of mine owne untimely martyrdom.

And therewith unsheathing an inameled knife, which she had pending to her golden girdle, (as a second *Lucretia*) with a fatal stroke she resolved to destroy her self : but the divilish Knight suspecting some such accident, very soon wresting the knife from her hand, prevented her purpose ; the which having done (setting hold of the bridle) he immediately alighted her from her horse, whereat being overcome with fear, she in a dangerous trance fell to the ground, where metamorphising her cherry taint to a *Cynthian* complexion, she there lay speechlesse, as much trembling as an Infant-prisoner hearing the sentence of death pronounced against him ; the which to arouse, *Blithion* spake to her in this sort.

FAIRE *Mersilva*, 'tis in vain to resist, where there is none to rescue you, & yet were *Hercules* himselfe present, he should not hinder me of my purpose ; for my sensual ardor cannot be extinguished without accumulating the Rose of your (divine) Virginity.

Which

Which having ended, *Mersilva* arising on her knees most sorrowfully (with fountaines of teare distilling down the soyls of her Vermillion checks) interrupted him in this manner :

AH *Blithion*! pity the estate of an innocent damsel, and rather pierce the Citadel of my Maiden breast with thy Rapior, then rayish me of that which I esteem far more precious then my life ; Erst not, I beseech thee, thy Trophies of pleasure in the defloration of my Virginity, nor build thy golden mountains of solace, in depriving the inward treasure of my unspotted chastity. But here again the doleful confluence of her disastrous tears imbathed her faltring tongue in the Acheron stream of silence, so that the courage of her exterior audacitie not permitting her to depaint the Physnomy of her inward aggravations, she (overvailing the instinct of her eyes with the Curtaines of perplexity) lay for a while sencelesse, as if the valour of her conceits had been smothered up in the antipathy of disconsolations ; when arousing her sorrowfull capacity with the contemplation of imminent fear, she suddenly started up, and most inhumanely tore the sparkling tresses of her golden haire, wherewith Dame Nature had most gloriously imbellished her ; which tragical object, might (*Blithion* excepted) have made the most bloody inhumane *Scythian* to pity her estate ; nay, have caused the sencelesse obdurate in Rocks themselves to weepe, and sorrowfully to take compassion upon the spectacle of her miserable calamity.

But

But *Blithion* not passing for her exclamation, but rather burning with inordinate desire to extenuate the imbers of his unsatiable lust, esteemed every Court-minute a compleat moneth, before (though to her immortal infamy) he had made proof of his superdiabolical enterprize; so that accepting of no Reason for satisfaction, nor accompting of any Imploration for payment, taking her by her trembling hand, he most viciously began to imbrace her. When being on the point to make shipwrack of her Honesty, and to set her Maidenhood to sale, lo thitherward unexpected canie *Plivio* galloping amain; the wich *Mersilva* (to her Nectar-comfort) espying, to him very loudly cryed out in this sort: Ah *Plivio*! as thou tenderest my Love, and desirest mine Honour, assist thy distressed *Mersilva*, and revenge the devilish pretence of this unmerciful Tigre with the merited guerdon of condigne punishment!

Plivio perceiving it to be his sweet *Mersilva*, instantly (as being inflamed with revenge) made his Courier more swiftly advance then the Jennets of *Jupiter*: when leaping from his horse, he with his Rapier drawn approaching his thrice mortal Enemy, very furiously uttered these words: Ah wretched Villain! make ready thy sword; for if there were no more men living, thou immediately dyest. Which words he no sooner pronounc'd, but in the twinkling of an eye he lodged his Rapier in his Rivals breast; where receiving his demerit, and falling gasping on the ground, *Plivio* first cut off his perfidious tongue which had so lasciviously pratled and

and then without prolixity sent his servile soule to the Republique of *Plato*, to tell *Tereus* and *Tarquine*, that he went neere to commit a lustful Rape.

The which *Mersilva* with fearful joy perceiving, ran to *Plivio*, falling first to his feet, and then again arsing imbraced and kist him ; when after having given him many volleys of hearty thanks (seconded by many millions of penetential tears) she from point to point recounted him the manner of the Accident ; the which when *Plivio* understood, he esteemed himselfe more then exceeding joyfull, in that the Fates appointed him to arrive in so fortunate an hour. And so having comforted his now even comfortlesse *Mersilva*, remounting her on her milk-white Courser, (posting together) resolved to find out the Queen ; to whose presence being arrived, sitting with her Ladies like *Venus* with her Nymphs, closely banquetting under the umbrage of Fig-trees, (whose spacious leaves kept them from the power of *Titans* influence) he to them depainted the manner of the Adventure, which mournfull *Mersilva* testified to be of truth, by again on fresh shedding many pearled teares, which (like the clarent Dew on Damask-flowers) destilled on her sorrowful checks. Which when the Queen, together with her daughter *Athelia* and the rest of the Ladies understood, they all praising the Almighty, gave likewise incessant thanks to *Plivio* for his undanted magnanimity, and exceedingly rejoiced in that the Princesse *Mersilva* was so fortunately preserved : when rising, they left the Forrest, and instantly returned.

He turned all to the Court ; where they were no sooner arrived, but the Queen immediately made the King her Husband therewith acquainted ; Who greatly rejoicing that *Plivio* the Arabian Knight had so valourly behaved himself, did after in consideration thereof much advance him to honorable Dignities, in such sort, that both the name of *Thalmo* & *Plivio* (like the Sun of Renown) only flourish'd in the Court of *Zanfara* : which adding more hope to *Plivio*'s desired enterprise, made him not a little glad of the accidental event of such fortunate fortunacie : For first he perceived that the King and Queen much favoured him, The Princesse *Athelia* (likewise) far the more, in respect of her best beloved *Thalmo* ; And again, he beheld his dear *Mersilva* to reap exceeding contentation in enjoying the Eden of his desired presence. Whereupon remaining continually in the Court, he at last in tract of time, found *Mersilva* solitary in her Closet; to whom boldly entering, he very amorouslly saluted her in this sort :

What, fair Mersilva, all alone ! Why, a kisse for your thoughts ! To whom instantly she replyed, Not alone (Plivio) for my selfe and I am together ; And for my Conceits, I think on nothing, therefore I conjecture that lesse then a kisse may purchase them.

Plivio almost ravished with joy to see her in so pleasant a humour, thought it now wisdome to strike the Iron being hot ; and so by vertue of his supposed discretion, continued his conference in this sort following :

Why

Why fair *Mersilva*, lesse then a kisse is in effect nothing ; and if I deceive not my thoughts, Maidens will scarce content themselves with the like payment. To whom *Mersilva* again replyed, Ile prove the contrary ; For if I fail not, my Muse tells me, one may kisse in conceit. I, but quoth *Plivio*, these are shews without substance ; for there is difference betwixt pretence and performance : for the one in reason is the others contrary, as absolute as a shrewish Wife is a quiet Husband. Whereat she very pleasantly smiling, again replyed :

Why *Plivio*, you erro from your matter ; for Wives and Husbands are not incident to our Theames. *Plivio* seeing her merrily dispoled, framed her this pleasing answer :

Surely, Princess *Mersilva*, you herein prove your selfe a discreet disputant, in that you have put me in mind (or at least) in the plain path-way of our former purpose ; for I now remeniber, a Kisse was our sentence ; the which, by your leave, I mean to prosecute.

And so imbracing her slender waste, he gave her (Nectar) lips the impression of a dainty kisse ; whereat she blushing, returned him this sharp answer :

Why *Plivio*, I little thought you would have proceeded so peremtorily ; for had I but once thereof deemed, my exact absence should have given you a precise gain-say. *Plivio* seeing her patience a little moved, thought to countervale the offence with a courteous answer. And so encouraging his Muse with many amorous contemplations, he continued his speech as followeth :

Why Princesse Mersilva, moved in a manner ! or can the fuel of your wrath be so soon illuminated with a blast of Sunshining ! had I thought my enterprise would have so soon incur'd your displeasure, I would (assuredly) have prevented that which is now happened.

Whereunto Mersilva answered ; Nay, I now see this my kindnesse, which is the occasion of this distastefull accident. Therefore to avoid the like scandal, I pray, as you are come, depart ; and being departed, arrive when you are sent for. Whereunto *Plivio* replyed, Fair Mersilva, If the demonstration of my love have ingendred your displeasure, I pray you excuse affection, which was therof the chief occasion : and if you please, for reward of my crime, inflict on me what punishment you think shall be sufficient for the offence. Mersilva hereat again blushed, but in such a morous sort, as it seemed that both love & disdain sat in the modle of her chery cheeks striving for supremacy : yet at last considering she had advanced her speeches so far without his affable merits, & seeing the subject so small wherein she had grounded the foundation of her wrath, she, to avoid the humour of future aggravation, instantly (without bidding *Adieu*) departed : where poor *Plivio*, opprest with love, remained so much tormented in thought, as that it seemed he had with the *Greeks* already seen the like of *Capharia*, and so the Barque of his hope was on the point to teare against the flinty-rocks of devouring *Charybdis* : For sometimes he would in her Chamber walk, and with his threatening hands menace the gods with revenge, and likewise reproach dissembling *Cupid* for ingratefulness ; then

Imme-

Immediately slumber, and in his drowsie capacity dream of *Mersilva*'s cruelty : When rising, and pre-meditating upon the Chaos of his amorous contemplations, he would forthwith teare his beard for meritorious anger : In which, or the like fantastical humour he so long remained, till at last *Mersilva* (little thinking of him, or at least of his there being) returned; who astonished to see *Plivio* there present; forgetting her former wrath, aske him merrily, what wind blew him thither ? Whereat he striving to abolish disconsolation, (fetching from the concavity of his heart a volley of distempered sighs) very mildly returned her this tractable answer :

AH faire *Mersilva* ! It is your (alone) cruelty which hath engendred my sorrows; and only your coynesse which hath caused my aggravation : For since your departure, I have here remained in such discontented sort, as, if you triumph not of my misery, you would condignly pitty my malady. Therefore delude my suite, I beseech you, no longer with delayes ; nor contemn not my love, in laughing to my constancy : but resolve, fair *Mersilva*, that *Plivio* would willingly dye to demonstrate his fidelity, so farre forth as the tragedie of his misfortunes might make *Mersilva* tractable : Therefore, faire Princesse, attribute my sincere love some affection, and rejoice not to martyr him with denial, which is ready to sacrifice his life before the shrine of your beauteous Deity.

Mersilva

Mersilva perfectly noting with what fervent zeal he pleaded for favour, did instantly as being inspired with affection, return him this applausible answer :

Plivio, thy valour and vertue having combined their charming force in the band of unity, hath long since in the Closet of my breast made way for thy affection, in such amiable sort, that being conquered by the aspect of thy blisful magnanimity, I in all honor (in lieu of thy kindnesse) remain thy attendant hand-maid : and albeit I have hitherto refrained my tongue in depaunting you the servency of my affection ; yet impute it not to the defect of good will, but rather to the superabundant zeal which I have had, to make proof of thy constancy : the event whereof hath fallen out so fortunate, that I now from my heart protest. I adore onely the essential pourtraict of *Plivio*, as the bright morning Star of my dayes felicity.

Plivio well noting the servency of her affectionate zeal, and perceiving into what strait of love *Supid* had now brought her ; being in conceit half ravished with the joyful alarum-bell of this unlooked for news, thinking his tongue deferred to long time in not congratulating her kindness with some reciprocal courtesie, very familiarly, at last, returned her this amiable answer.

Most divine *Mersilva*! If my tongue could disclose, or my Muse discover the flourishing (& K never

never dying) fidelitie which in heart I have devoted to your sacred self; I should acknowledge my capacity bound to nature for permitting me such good fortune, and account my selfe indebted to art, for enduing me with such blessednesse. But since, sweet *Mersilva*, that the coynier of my deliverance cannot sufficiently stamp the incerior characters of my cogitations, nor the discoveror of my secrets enough worthily depaint the Physnomy of my affection: yet *Mersilva*, I beseech you believe that I have grounded my constancy upon so sure a foundation, and imprinted my fidelity upon so firm resolution, that neither the alluring events of prosperity, nor the terrifying threats of misfortune can either extenuate by flattering shews, or extinguish by frowning substance. And whereas I perceive that though long, yet at last you have banished cruelty from your breast, and imbracing benignity accepted me for your Servant; know sweet *Mersilva*, that in recompence of your amity, I present you with the Conible of my constancy, and vow that in the Closet of *Plivis*'s cogitations *Mersilva* shall onely sit as triumphante governesse, whose my affection shall serve her, my fidelity entertain her, my love attend her, and my never wavering constancy pay her the sweet *bienvenue* of certes blissfulness.

Mersilva understanding his friendly answer, and solacing her senscs with the assurance of his affection, typping her tongue with the phrase of favo the very mildly returned him this sweet answer.

AH Plivio! being hereretofore a prisoner, I am now by the sequel of thy conference set at liberty, and made free from subjection in swallowing down the vitalitie of thy speeches: yet when I remember the estate of King Samor my father, I weep, in that I should so unadvisedly bereave him of a daughter; but yet the unity of our love hath linck'd me to thy affection, and in ruminating on thy vertues, I intuse his memory in the twist of oblivion: to that sweet *Plivio*, condemn me not of disobedience, in being obedient to thy selfe, nor impute not the title of inhumane ignorance to my charge, in respect it is only the image of thy vertue which unites my fancies unto thy affection.

And with that, she from the influence of her eyes rained showers of teares upon the Alabaster soyle of her Lily cheeks, which *Plivio* perceiving, interrupted her in this sort:

Weep not, fair *Mersilva*, but let now the radiant aspect of our amours evacuate the residence of sorrow; let the memory of our tender affections submerge the waves of discontent, and let the novelty of our friendship triumph over insinuating disconsolation. What? resolve it is the gods which seek to sympathize our amity, and fortune her selfe, which delighteth to crown our friendship with conuentation; Faire *Mersilva*, dispaire is the path-way to destruction, therefore pluck up your spirits, and let a joyful countenance give sorrow the overthrow: and conjecture not that my acquaintance shall prejudice your estate, or diminish

your dignity, for then were my sute dissimulation, and my affections folly; for the purity of my pretence, and the event of time, shall informe you the contrary: therefore imprint your resolutions upon the foundation of hope, and resolve that *Plivio* will live and dye, only to adore sweet *Mersilva*, as the divine Image of my felicity, to whom I consecrate the generality of my devotions.

Mersilva sweetly pondering upon his firm fidelity, having almost her amorous conceits smooth'd up in the Lists of applausible contemplation, very affectionately returned him this gracious Reply.

Well *Plivio*, having a confident hope that you will performe no lesse then you now promise, I in consideration thereof vow, that none but *Plivio* shall possess me person, and only *Plivio* wil I account as the delightful *Titan* of my conceit from whose radiant brightnesse I extract the splendant *Zephyr* of my soules contention.

THanks, dear *Mersilva*, quoth *Plivio*; And to correspond your affection, here take my heart and hand in pledge of my immortal constancy, vowing before the Imperial Throne of Heaven, that my soule shall be first diverted into cinders, ere withdraw my zeal from serving and honouring *Mersilva*.

Thus having plighted their troths each to other, they a long time remained so lacing their cereb-

sities within the Nectar Eden of applause; so that that the night aproaching, it was more then time for *Plivio* to depart, when taking his Angelicall Saint by the Alabaster hand, and fixing his aspects upon the divite mirror of her heavenly beauty, he with a sighing voyce gave her this freindly farewell :

Dear *Mersilva*, (and therefore dear becaus *Mersilva*) I must now depart and leave thee to the Chaos of thy ruminating contemplations : Therefore sweet Minion of my breast, and Mistresse of my capacity, I will hie me to my Closet, and there invent the means for the establishing of our future tranquillitie ; so that till I am again made (triple) fortunate by enjoying the excellency of your divine personage, I in all sympathy of faithfull affection take my sorrowful Conge.

Mersilva hereat painting her countenance with a Cynthian complexion (the tears standing in her eyes) answered him as followeth :

Weet *Plivio* ! as thou tenderest my love, let thy return be shortly, for feare lest wanting the image of thy personage, I immedietly dye in contemplating on thy absent perfection ; therefore, at my sincere request, satisfie my ardent expectation ; and in recompence thereof as I mean to live in thy gracious favour, so I resolve to die in thy vertuous affection. Thus, as the ordinance of their conceits had thundered forth many volleys of sighs at their farewell, *Mersilva* (erecting Trophies in her breast)

hied her selfe to her Closet ; and *Plivio* (framing triumphs in his contemplation) betooke himselfe to converse with his Cousin *Thalmo*, to whom he recounted the event of his fortunate proceedings, and the prosperous conclusions of his amourous enterprises ; who being thereof exceedingly satisfied, askt it his Lady were contented to leave the Court and travaile with him ? whereunto he answered, that to the same effect he had already mentioned ; whose reply was, she would follow him in weale and woe, in mirth and misery, in sorrow and sympathy, as far as the confines of the world would permie, or I desire. Why then, quoth *Thalmo*, my *Athelia*'s fancies, & *Mersilva*'s affections are incident to the Idea of one formosity ; and hath vowed no more then *Athelia* could desire to effect. To remaine here were folly, in respect we are absent from our native home ; and to acquaint any with the modle of our affections were unfe : Therefore let us with the ingenious Bee returne home in safety, and with the skilfull Pilot redirec our course to the Port of our residence : for per-adventure, tract of time may disclose the secrets of our pretence, and so the prime of our hopes may be by envie crost in the bloomy blossoms of their maturity, which to avoid (as before I have demonstred) let us with haste returne, and so through the woods and Forrests convey our Ladies from the sight of any ; for if the report of our departure did but arive to the Port of King *Brilon* understanding, doubtlesse he would so rigourousl y increate us, and so severely handle us, that per-

chanc

chance our lives, or at least our liberties should remaine as hostages for our misdemeanour.

Plivio attentively listening to his Cousins exhortations, and sounding the depth of his counsell by the profoundity of his own conceits ; allowed well of the Plot which *Thalmeno* had compacted for their retirement ; the which, the better to accomplish, he willed his Cousin to make his *Athelia* therewith acquainted, as he protested to do the like to his *Mersilva*, to the end that when the hour of departure should be assigned, they might make themselves readie, and fit such necessaries as might be needfull for their journey : upon which resolution, each departed to his Saint, to whom in the confluence of many amorous terms they dilated their purposes, and not only discovered the Picture of their noble births, but also the Pourtriaxt of their direct names ; the wind of which novelty, they no sooner understood, but being (as he were) smooth'd up in the extacie of many delicious contemplations, (the which seemed farre the more pleasant in respect of their innovation) they being compleatly therewith more then divinely contented, to their sweet demand (after many hearty congratulations) very soon condescended.

By this time our two young Princes *Plivio* and *Thalmeno*, having apparent proof of each others affectionate resolutions, and burning with desire to set forwards their enterprises, instantly appointed that the next nigh following (at the out-

ward Gate, betwixt twelve and one) they would attend the thrice happy arrivals of their sweet Saints; which warning, though short, yet seemed so sweet to their Ladies imaginations, that (applause building trophies of content in their trembling resolutions) they very pleasantly deluded the time in familiar dalliance; till at last, the hour (as they thought) being come, and their Princes absent, metamorphosing their mirth to melancholinesse, and their joy to discontent, they began to blame them for to much (unmerited) constancy; sometimes condemning them of ingratitude, and then again instantly with a sigh recalling their speeches, fearing lest the influence thereof might by some uncustomed accident be transpor.ed to their favourites understanding: sometimes exclaiming on their own fortunes, in that they saw fortune herself began to temper the preludium of their loves with distasteful misfortune. But alas, these amorous Ladies were both deceiv'd! for the Dial of their cerebrosities told the hour of a signation before the horologe sounded, and the clock of their conceits struck twelve and one, e're the essence of ten, far lesse eleven, was in election to be finished; yet in such sorrowful sort they past the time, till at last (and not unlookt for) their two Princes arrived, giving a shrill hola, which between this amorous troop served for a watchword; the which, the Ladies to their delight no sooner heard, but instantly (understanding the sentence of freedom pronounced to their imprisoned contemplations) giving courage to their thoughts, and

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dying their milk-white checks with a vermillion blush, they in their night-apparel descended; the glimpse of whose glorious appearance our two young Princes no sooner espied, but advancing their pace with exquisite delectation, they went and saluted them, where so joyfull a meeting of divine sympathy was betwixt them demonstrated, that forgetting their senses, and almost themselves, I thought they would for that night have made their amorous demeure upon the Lily incarnate soile of their coralline lips; no words could they utter, becaus their tongues were (by love) devoted to silence, and such as past, were clamorous volleys of sorrowfull sighes, which redoubling each on other, strove which should first unite each others heart with the sympathy of superabundant affection. But in fine, yea, and in the twinkling of an eye they heard in the palace a fierce and terrible noise, as if in a manner the whole Court had been in a seditious uproare, which repleating their senses with fear, and replenishing their conceit with timerosity, drove them all into a very effeminate humor of exact dispair; in such sort, that they knew not how to save themselves, nor where to convey their Majestical Ladies from the gurmandizing jaws of ruthless distresse; till at last, *Thalmeno* knowing their estate fickle, and perceiving it now stood upon him; desperately to cast at all, (I mean either to lose his own life, or his dear *Athelia*, which he esteemed far more pretious) refetching the courage of his undaunted magnanimity from the confines of feare, and arming the interior lincaments of his valorous capacity

capacity with animosity, he to his trembling associates pronounced these speeches.

Prince Palma, it behoveth us now to be frolique; therefore with a martial courage lead forth thy Lady, & if any (though *Hercules* himself) presume to stop thy passage, sheath instantly thy Amazon Bracamard in his perfidious breast, and so without prolixity send his servile soule to the Commonwealth of *Pluto* for a more then meritorious sacrifice: And you illustrious Ladies, fear nothing, for the Physnomy of our persons shall be a sufficient Bulwark for your preservation.

Which said, arme in arme (like *Apollo* and *Diana*) along they go, without finding any to resist them; and seeing the Porter in his Pavilion asleep, very cunningly took from him his keyes of the Palace; when unbolting the outer gate, they without making any noise issued forth, where they were no sooner come, but they found their Pages each with their Jennets attending them: glad of this newes they (taking their Ladies behind them) mounted on horse-back, and so as fast as the Steeds of *Jupiter* galloped through the streets, where in a shoit time, having past both Town and Suburbs, (the obscure night still seeming to condescend to their pretence) they at last (having cherished their Ladies with many comfortable speeches) began to consider what course to take: So that assuring themselves, the King finding the Princesse lacking, would with all possible celerity make speed for their apprehension, they finally resolved to gallop through the woods and Forrests, the better to shelter them from the sight

sight of *avant-Coureurs* (if any such there were which preum'd to follow them) by vertue of which predicted resolution, they made that night such speedy way, that before the morning (or at least ere golden *Titan* domineed in the silver element) they found themselves very neere twenty leagues from the Court. Now to make any long discourse of the sorrowes which the Court of *Zansara* received, or any ample relation of the Troops of magnanimous Knights sent to seek the *Y*, I think it needless, at least I omit it, because in my capacity my Muse terms it superfluous. But howsoever, our Troop of lovers were so far, that they now knew themselves out of confines of danger: And therefore to proceed with their future adventures, the next morning as they were swiftly riding by a Forrest side, they through the branches (which were apparelled with a Summers vesture) might espie a very pleasant Cottage; which both *Athelia* & *Mersilva* desirous to enter, requested their Princes to alight, and accompany them, who glad in any thing that might procure their Ladies delectation, thereunto condiscended; so leaving their Pages with their Horses, they enter the Forrest, directing their course to the Cottage; whereto they were no sooner arrived, but thinking to find some shepheardeesse, instead thereof beheld a very beautiful young man (which seeming to be overcome with sorrow, shadowed the vivacity of his countenance under the wrinkled mask of a discontented visage) sitting very sorrowfully slumbering on a verdant banke, having a Book, Pen, Ink and Paper close by him; which

which hearing the sound of their voyces, rousing up his spirits, came, and in this sort saluted them

Fair Knights and Ladies! (for so by the Physnes
of your faces you seeme to be) admire not
at my sorrowes, nor wonder not at my discon-
solation; for it is powerful fortune which hath in-
vested me with this miserable calamity : in respe-
whereof, to evacuate his tyranny, and to triumph
over his usurpation, I have here solitarily with-
drawn my selfe into this Grove, of purpose to live
though not so well contented as I could wish, yet
so well pleased as man in my estate may : my Ru-
ral Cottage affords no Cates, but povertie; yet as it
is, if you please thereof to accept, I will account my
selfe most fortunate, assuring you that what there
wanteth, good will shall countervaille.

Our Princes and Ladies perceiving the humor of
his benignity, and the nature of his kind proffers,
thinking their capacities far indebted to his boun-
tifulnesse, very friendly by the tongue of Prince
Palma, returned him this amourous answer.

Kind Sir, the apparitions of friendship which in
our travels it hath pleased you to afford us, &
the displays of amity which you have now demon-
strated us, doth so make the Idea of our gratulati-
ons run into instant admiration, that we find our selves
so far engaged in the bonds of arreates, as we ab-
solutely hold our imbecillities such, as our tongues
cannot at present repay you with a condign re-

compence for your unmerited courtesie; nevertheless, according to the actions of Reason, and rules of amity (albeit a guerdone far insufficient to counteravile the motives of your benignity) we return you very hearty thanks for your proffered courtesie, assuring you that if ever any favourable subject presents, wherein (in honour) we may partly requite your kindnessse, you shall find us generally willing, and so willing, as the effects thereof shall term us to be no amators of ingratitude, but rather favourers of debonaironesse.

Which no sooner was pronounc'd, but the stranger taking the two Ladies by the hands, requested them, as also the two Princes, to enter his hermitage: where in the best manner he could, he presented them with a dainty collation of dry Figs, Dates, and Apricocks, with other such fruts as the soyle of that Country did afford; which being ended, he to shew the Ladies the more pleasure, demanded if they pleased to recreate themselves in the Arbour, whereof being surpailling joyful, they very willingly agie'd; and so hand in hand with the Princes the stranger shewing the way, forth they went; where passing through a fragrant Ally beset with Fir-trees they at last attain'd the entrance of the garden where they were no sooner arrived, but the two Princesses after having viewed the treasure of the oderiferous flowers, and perused the wealth of the fragrant hearbs, they to avoid the bright ardor of the splendent Sun (because a professed enemy to their Angelical beauties) with as much celerity as mo-

modesty could permit, becooke themselves to the
Bowers, where their beloved Cavaliers with tri-
plicity of divine kisses failed not (chastely) to pay
them their courteous welcome: the stranger view-
ing their amorous familiarity, suddenly wept, as
if the object thereof had some Regal pretogative to
make him water his pians; in respect whereof, to
smooth up his contemplative sorrowes under the
Mask of a merry countenance, he instantly hyed
him to the Cottage, and returning speedily,
brought with him a dainty harmonical Lute; the
which after having tuned, (thinking to delight
their curiositie with the rurity of his melodious
musique) he divinely warbled out a ravishing Les-
son, and thereunto contracting his clarent yoyce
he sweetly uttered this causuing Sonnet.

*Might I but dye (Ah !) in this mostraful state,
Then were my death the Actor of my ease;
For then my death would to the world relate
What Saint was subject to my Breasts disease.*

*Should death relate (Ah !) no, death must conceale
The dainty Mistresse of my earthly joy.
Live then in peace; yet feare still to reveale
The heavenly Actresse of thy Hearts annoy.*

*Ah ! Yet not actresse of thy endlesse paine,
But the sweet Angel of thy Breasts desire;
Therefore with Love immortally remaine,
Within the jewel of her beanties fire.*

*No sooner had he ended his Sonnet, but he is
stand*

stantly began afresh to weepe, and so determining to asswage his sorrowes (vailing his Bonnet) he presently departed, walking aloofe from them in a faire Summers-house ; the which our amorous troop perceiving, began immediately to conjecture that he was in love with some cruel Lady, and so her rigorous repulse was the motive of his distempered passion ; whereat, weighing his grief by their own malady, and his disconsolation by their own sicknesse, they all bewailed his (tragical) misfortune, & pitied the accident of his distasteful calamity ; lamenting that ever their arrival was the occasion to refresh his (amorous) uncured wound, and sorrowing that their presence in his capacity engendered prejudicial contemplation. Yet at last to bring with *Ariadnes* thred our history out the Garden, *Ashelia* and *Mersilva* rose up, determining to depart ; which *Thalmeno* and *Palma* no sooner perceived, but they immediately hyed them to the kwors, to gather each for his Mistresse a dainty Nosegay, whose beauty, scent and savour might best delight the humour of their fancies ; the which *Ashelia* & *Mersilva* remarking, began once more to make the round of the Garden, and so as fortune would, passing along by a stately Pyne-tree, they upon the Barke thereof might espie the Characters of some Verses to be very curiously incarved, which desirous to see, thercunto approaching, found this or the like fancie therein contained.

First Fish shall fise within the Element,
And Ayry-Birds live in the Ocean Sea,

Fair

Fair Phœbus shall forsake the Firmament,
 And scorn to grace the cincture of the Day ;
 Thetis shall Wander o're proud Altas top,
 And Nilus cease to water Egypt's land ;
 The Earth into the Skies shall fountains drop,
 And Neptune's Face refuse to kisse the strand :
 All Ships shall saile upon the massie main,
 And Ætna frieze at splendor of the Sun ;
 Dame Cytherea quite shall lose her train,
 And Elephants like Clouds in aire shall run :
 Lebanon-Cedars shall like thistles spring,
 And Hysop-tops aspire into the skie ;
 From Thule to Gange the Dormouse voice shall ring,
 And Gnats shall drink all Brooks and Rivers dry,
 Before th' Idea of Florina's sight
 Shall once have power from me to take his flight.

Which Sonnet perusing, and pondering what this Lady therein mentioned might be; They immediately went, and thereof advertised Thalmeno & Palma, who not a little admiring to see the name of *Florina* there charactered, began to conjecture that he might be Prince *Mædor*: in respect whereof to satisfie their ardent desire, they with their Ladies went towards him, where being entered the Bower, Thalmeno boorded him as followeth.

Passionate Gentleman ! for so your gratiouse (yet sorrowful) aspect induceth me to term you : I beseech you in friendship to certifie me rea whether you are acquainted with the Princess *Florina* Daughter unto the King of Numidia; and see also

also whether you know Prince *Medor* Son unto the King of *Biasard*?

The stranger no sooner heard pronoun'd the sacred Name of *Florina*, but he instantly as being conquered with too many divine cogitation, (in fainting sort) fell to the ground ; when closing his eyes, one would have thought he resolved as then to take his last definitive Conge of this Caitiff-world. The which our amorous Crew no sooner beheld, but (pitying this sorrowful accident) they so employed their best skill for his assistance, that in short time he recovered ; and elevating himself upon his (as yet) weak legs, banishing silence from his faltring tongue, he in sighing sort breathed out these speeches :

A H *Florina* ! whose Nectar-name infuseth vitality to my weak senses ; And so fetching a deep sigh, again continued as followeth. Know (courteous Knights, and beautiful Ladies) that I have beene acquainted with the Princesse *Florina* ; and to be plaine, am that unfortunate *Medor* which you enquire for : Unfortunate *Medor*, I may well say, in being absent from *Florina*, the memory of whose divine beauty hath this forty moneths beene the goddesse of my devotions. Therefore, gracious Knights, if you know any news of the aforesaid Princesse, I beseech you in kindnessse to make my reast therewith acquainted ; and to congratulate our courtesies : I will in lieu thereof remaine your affectionate Servant.

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The which speech he had no sooner uttered, but Prince *Thalmeno* thinking it more then time to administer some sovereign dictamnum to his tormented Patient, instantly returned him this ap- plausible Reply.

Then know, Prince *Mædor*, that I am *Thalmeno* Son and heire to *Druino* King of *Cicilia*, and this prince my cousin, Son to--- King of *Egypt*; who some two years since, resolving to travel, having united our resolutions with the league of amity, departed from my Fathers Court, directing our course to overview *Africa*, and so landing at---- and journeying three dayes alone, being destitute of a guide, and unskilful of the Country, by misfortune strayed into an unknown desart; but fortune willing to intermix our bitter sorrowes with some delicious pleasures, conducted us fortunately to the beautiful Castle, which entering, we found the princesse *Florina* thereof the desolate inhabitant who having forsaken her Fathers Court, vowed to there to remaine until the joyful return of your princely self; therefore valorous *Mædor*, if you please to accompany us, we are bound for *Cicilia*, and immediately upon our arrvials, God willing, we will conduct you to the melancholy place of her solitary retirement.

Mædor having his capacity repleated with the Zephyr wind of this fortunate newes, very kindly (accepting of their proffer) past his word to accompany them; nay, and with so cheerful countenance

countenance, that in his dead conceit it seemed the absent Idea of *Florina* had infused exact vitality; but at last fixing his humane eyes upon the sweet obj^t of the Ladies beautie, and so pondering upon the rarity of his sweet *Florina*, he boldly demanded of *Thalmeno* what those Ladies were, and what private occasion induced them to travel? who relating him from point to point the history of their amorous proceedings, and advertising him likewise how they were desirous to be transported for *Cicilia*, he thereupon after having saluted them with a Princely grace, and made his fluent tongue by an eloquent Oration display the dexterity of his ingenious capacity, very voluntarily proffered through the Vineyards and Champion Country to conduct them to the Sea-side; for quoth he, *I have travelled these parts, and know the direct course to Golpho-Del-Rey, where I once Landed*. Our Amorous Troope being divinely pleased with this applausible newes, were very instantly prepared to depart, where they were no sooner arrived, but *Medor* very fortunately met with a ship of warre of *Madagascar*, which belonging to Duke *Alphonso* his Uncle, was by tempestuous weather and contrary winds forced here to take harbor; glad of this unexpected newes, and triumphing in that they saw fortune so milinely assist their fidelities, they forthwith swapt a bargain with the Master to transport them, and a favourable wind clearing them from the coast, and a sweet sympathy of heavenly amity, hence they full sail for *Cicilia*, where on the Sea they so long remained, that after many tempestuous stormis, having

past the Isles of Fenando, the Bay of St. Anne, the Coast of Guenbie, Cape Verd, and the Isles of Teneriffa, they at last lately attained Gibraltar the entrance of the Mediteranean straights; & so with joy keeping on their course for the desired Island of Cæcilia being opposite of Marsertis, they were towards the night, at the appearance of Cynthia, very quietly becalm'd, in such sort that their ship made no way, but onely floated upon the face of Neptune, according as the slacknesse of the current drove her so that at last keeping good watch, as the third glass was in election to be finished, the Mr. in his Russet Cap, walking aloft upon the Spare-deck, very apparently heard the noyse of Oares plowing in the intrails of *Thetis*; whereat astonished, resolving to prevent the worst, he mounted the main shrowds, directing still his linced eyes, by his attentive eare so long, till at last right a-head in their Fore-foot he might espie a very stout Galley, using all possible speed with Oares and Sayles, swiftly made towards them; at which unlookt for accident (with a magnanimous courage) rousing his spiritr, with his silver Whistle thundered forth afresh alarum, whereat the whole Toop of Sea-striplings (if they had been at unawares surprized) with a gallant courage (quitting their course pavilions mounted the upper Deck, admiring exceeding what this unaccustomed accident meant; the which no sooner they had done, but the Mr. shewing the cause, and they seeing the subject before their eyes, very instantly with heroicall resolution fatched forth their Muskets, and provided shovellings which might be any way needful for a con-

bat; amongst the rest the Mr. Gunner burning with desire to approve some experience of his praiseworthy Art, requested the Captain that he might make some shot or two towards them; whereat condicēding, a couple of Demi-Culverings (which lay directly forth in the Prow) were immediately provided, whereunto giving fire (all the company saying Amen) forth went the shot, with a divilish fury; which being well aimed, so happily arrived to the desired mark, that it not only made a massacre amongst the miserable slaves, but also at so suddain a motione made the Commanders themselves tremble, in such sort, that finding their welcom not so pleasant as they expected, in went their Ores, down their Sailes, each betook themselves to their guard, not once presuming to approach more neer till the morning; which our Master no sooner percei-
ved, but knowing that they would linger till the next day, having appointed each his place, and in his absence given the chief Commanders thereof the obstrict charge, down goes he to the Cabine to comfort our almost comfortlesse troop of Lovers, who alas, lay in a meere exact humor of dispaire; For they no sooner heard the thundering report of the Cast-pece, but they genarally resolved it came from some neere-harbouring enemy: There might you have seene Thalmeno morn, to see his Athelia
hament; Palma sigh, to see his Mersiva shed teares; & Medor weep, to see them all so disconsolate: there might you have heard Athelia almost sighed out her heart, thinking to lose her Thalmeno; have seen Mersiva on the point to melt into tears, to depart from

her *Palma*, have perceived *Medor* afresh with threats to menace the gods for the losse of his *Florina*; and in fine, to have seen all to exclaim of their miseries, in that the fatal *Atrapos* of mistortune began so soon to cut the thred of their future contention. Which the Mr. perceiving, having his breast penetrated with the clangor of their dolorous exclamations, very froliquely in the best sort he could, bade them be all of good cheere, adding moreover that there was no fear in the matter, for that he doubted not but in the morning to remain conquerour; whereupon our three courageous Princes fell afresh to comfort their two sorrowful Ladies, within the influence of whose eyes for that night *Morpheus* could receive no entertainment ; for diving into the conceit of the masters speeches, and conjecturing they should the next morning enjoy a hot breakfast , they began to doubt of their own safeties , and to imagine what bloody stratagem might befall their Princely favourites, the which again and again imprinting within the Cabinet of their memories cerebrosity , they could not refrain from bewatering their Damask checks with chryalline tears which distilled from the conduits of their sorrowful eyes : the which our Princes perceiving , and seeing that no perswasive arguments or soliciting intreaties might prevaile, or once evaporat their sighs with the wind of courage, knowing that it now stood upon them (in so dangerous a cause) to demonstrate their valours as well to prevent their own captivity from the Pyrats, as also to free their Ladies, within whose breake their

their affectionate loves, nay lives lay imprisoned) very resolutely without taking leave, departed the Cabin, & so thrust themselves amongst the soildiers and mariners, which were already in using of audacity to their valour, and of valour to their resolutions; whom most couragioufly they amated with such undanted applaustible exhortations, that immediately the soildiers, generally protested to sacrifice their lives for the establishing of their tranquillities. So that when the limits of night was expired, and that the dawn drew near, Aurora in her silver apparel no sooner began to look through the Cate- ments of heaven, but our masters and Princes so ordered the matter, that their flags and streamers were abroad playing with the wind, their Ordnance and Muskets arang'd and laden, their waste-cloaths unloosed, their Neccings laced up, their Yards sling'd, their Companies divided, their Linstocks lighted, the Master upon the poop with his silver Sword to whease them to the Lee-ward, and the Trumpets ready at a beck to sound the first onset: On the contrary part, the Gally dighted her self in the pride of her warlike jollity, and with a valorous resolution came towards them, making such terrible clamors and out-cries, as if they meant to affight Jupiter himself in the cittadel of his impre- gnable monarchie: when instantly, the wind begining to fresh, our Master by the condesent of the three Princes edged very neare; and so being come within Cannon shot, brought themselves by their short sails, resolving to attend her comming, and with honour to fight it out; the which the Galley-

Slaves espying, began to cry *victoria*, conjecturing, that they had already yeelded: but alas, they were deceived of their hope; for thinking to board them, the Ship in a moment powred in their smal shot as thick as hail, and therewithall let fly her whole broad-side, which in the Galley made such a rattling thunder, that their rails, penets, yea hatches and all began (superbiously) to band with the sky; there might you have seen some dangerously wounded, which lay gasping their last; some already slain, imbruining themselves in their fellows blood; and some, whose heads flying from their bodies went to advertise their friends of their woful Tragedies. Whereat the Captain and Commanders of the Galley fuming with rage, in that so unexpected they received such hot entertainment, disdain-ing to dye in their debts, bade their Gunners give fire, where betwixt them was so furious a Combat, that it was hard to judge on which side victory would encline: But leaving the event thereof, to the inconstancy of Fortune, we will a little erre from the fight, and take a second survey of our Ladies lamentations, who being destitute of their Lovers, and looking every minute for unmerited death, making their eyes gush forth fountains of tears, and their Breasts volley forth millions of sightes, for sorrow tearing their gorgeous apparel, and the tresses of their translucent hair, lay imbathing their conceits in the flood of dispair, as conforlesse as innocent Lambs in the paw of the Lyon: their tongues could utter no speech, but the name of thir Princes, whercupon continual-

ly

ly ruminating, they infused their courage within the labyrinth of perplexity. Ah, quoth *Athelia*, would my breast might be a Bulwark for *Thalma's* preservation ! and quoth *Mersilva*, would my body might be a countermure for *Palma's* safety ! else, quoth *Athelia*, I might die in *Thalmeno's* arme, to demonstrate my constancy ! or quoth *Mersilva*, I end my daies at *Palma's* feet, to manifest my fidelity. In which doleful manner, they mournfully remained, as if *Thanatos* had already assument their sensies to pay nature her due.

But again to our *Combatants*; who eagerly seeking, did so valorously behave themselves, that it was impossible yet to judge, which side Fortune did most favour. But to conclude : as time gives a full period to all terrestrial accidents; when the fatall day was almost finished, wherein many had their lives catastrophies most famously signed with the signet of death, the Galley most dangerously (between wind and water) received despaitful shot, in such pittifull manner, that they all within board made a pittifull cry : the which our *Princes* understanding, instantly conceived some hope of victory; whereupon they afresh let fly their roaring Canon, whose fiery bullets wrapt in terrour, made such spacious breaches in the side of the Galley, that they seeing no apparition of hope whereon to rely amaining their saile, immediately yeelded, rendering themselves to the mercy of their mortal enemies : the which our *Princes* an company perceiving, for sudden joy shouted amain, triumphing in the conquest of so famous a Victory; when instantly

stantly they hoisted out their Shallop to avoid the prize: but now when she was replenished sufficiently with men and munition, if any repulse peradventure should have been offered, our Princes were in a difficult difference which of themselves should therein go Commander. *Thalmeno* he willingly offered his service, and *Palma* he vowed not to stay behind; but princely *Mædor*, whose magnanimous, breast did likewise inharboor a *Hectors* courage, seeing his associates in contention, which should first be admitted, stept in and furiously protested that they should both stay with their Laides, and he only would go Master of the Ships: they likewise hearing of his voluntary resolution, allowed best of his reason, and so gave sentence he should. Whereupon with a noise of harmonical trumpets, away goes *Mædor*, and down goes *Thalmeno* and *Palma* to the Cabin. Their even now comfortlesse Ladies, being by the Herauld of report advertised of the victory, came reciprocally to imbrace them with congratulation of their undaunted magnanimities, where so joyfull a meeting was betwixt them demonstrated, that their conceits which right then swimmed in the Ocean of despair, did now float upon the blisful waves of pleasant delectation; for their Cynthian complexions were metamorphosed to cherry countenances; and their mournfull eyes which were almost submerg'd with brinish teares, did now reflect their beams of splendent vivacity, as glorious *Phæbe* being free from the cloudy prison of sable obscurity, each joyfully joyed in each others presence; either reap'd more then

then exquisite app'ause, and (in fine) all received such delectable contention, that to be plain, my abrupt pen can no way display thereof the exquisitenesse, because my peevish capacity was never acquainted with the labyrinth of the like amorous encounters. In respect whereof, leaving their se-
cresie to themselves, and the censure thereof to the in-
dustrious Readers, I will make a brief apostro-
phie from their melodious parling, and a little en-
treat of Prince *Mædors* proceedings ; who by this
time being neer the Gally, at last very resolutely
entered his men without finding any to resist
them, who seeing they were all hidden, by sound
of trumpet commanded them to make their appear-
ance : when immediatly in trembling sort, out
came the prisoners, who seeing their enemies with
their swords drawn in their hands, instantly fell
on their faces, desiring pardon ; upon whose sub-
missive prostration *Mædor* commanded his Soul-
diers, that upon pain of death none should hurt
them, either in body or goods ; the which the
Captain understanding (conceiving some hope
of his liberty) very sorrowfully came forth, de-
siring his life, which benigne Prince *Mædor* in-
stantly granted : Whereupon after he had inform-
ed him from whence the Gally was, & to whom he
appertained, he to *Mædor* continued his speech, as
followeth : Albeit it greiveth my Valour (coura-
gious Knight) to be conquered by any ; yet since
my fortune must needs (because predestinated) en-
dure the frowne of Bellona, I again rejoyce in that
it was my blisfulnes to become tributary to so be-
nigne

nigne a Commander, therefore kind Knight, in respect that with such heroical voluntariness you have afforded us our lives, Know that within this next adjoyning Cabine, there is resident a vertuous Lady, whom fortune hath predestinated to be our prisoner : Her parentage I know not ; but if outward gestures may depaint inward qualities, I presume she is some Lady of noble decent ; her behaviour (though in adversity) is such, that as she carrieth her perplexity with a modest countenance, so she disdaineth to render her self tributary to the infidelity of Fortune.

*M*ador no sooner understood this (unexpe&ted) newes, but burning with desire to know what this Lady might be ; very friendly commanded the Captain to bring him to her presence ; where he was no sooner ariv'd, but he might perceve this doleful Lady as it were imbathing her self in the stream of her tears ; having prostrated her person on the floore, and overvailed her Visage with an obscure skarf, lying as it were in a Cyatical Letthargie, thinking that the first that entered was the Harbinger of death, or to be plain, the inhumane administer of her untimely martyrdome : but lo, it fell out otherwise ; for when she thought he was lodging his Rapier in the cytadel of her innocent breast, why even then he took seisure of her lily hand, and with an amiable voice uttered these speeches.

Arise

Arise fair Lady ; for your life and liberty is granted you ! Whereat very instantly, as being acquainted with the voice, she with a commendable grace start-ed up ; and perceiving (as indeed she thought) that it was her Princely *Mædor* which pronounc'd that melodious sentence ; at the hearing thereof, as be-ing ravished with too many divine cogitations, in a dangerous swound she fell to his feet. *Mædor* per-ceiving this tragicall unexpected accident, having his heart penetrated with the Chaos of passionate fancies, failed not to employ his best endeavour for her recovery ; and so thinking to elevate her on her feeble leggs, by chance ruffling the Scarf from her beautiful visage, perceived it to be his (gracious) *Florina* ; whereat arousing the sincerity of his eyes, and the vivacity of his contemplations, and making his doubtfull conceits run to the confines of asto-nishment, he at first preambulated with his curi-osity, whether it were she which so well resembled the physnomie of her beauty ; but lastly having diligently sent the influence of his aspects to make surview of her personage, and finding her to be essentially his unlookt for *Florina*, with a tremble-ing resolution advancing his space, he with out-spread arms most amorously went and imbraced her ; where so delightfull a meeting was betwixt them demonstrated, that me thought from so plea-sing a solace it was meer sacrilege to separate them : For if *Mædor* outwardly rejoiced to pos-sesse hie affectionate *Florina*, *Florina* reciprocally in heart smiled to enjoy the presence of her heroical *Mædor*. Both sent fort disconsolate sighes in wit-nessse

nesse of their undaunted loves; and faire *Florina* having her conceits tosticated with too many applausible imaginations, could not (being transported with affection) refrain from bewatering the crimson roses of her angelical visage with many pearled teares, which descended the soile of her alabaster cheeks. But in fine, *Medor* giving courage to his faltering tongue, thought to incampe the vanguard of his speeches ; but again reflecting his partial aspects upon the divine object of *Florina*'s beauty, he so found his conceits devoted to silence, that the review of her chery-countenance smoothing up his senses in an extasie of contention, forced him instantly to fall into a despairful trance; the which sorrowful *Florina* perceiving, melting as it were into teares for imminent aggravation, with her Lily-fingers began to corroborate the organs of his temples, so that the Nectar-balm of her soveraign breath infusing vitality to his sickly senses, made him again reseach his accustomed courage, when inviting his wandering tongue to display the secrets of his wavering capacity, taking *Florina* by the alabaster-hand, he from the profundity of his conceits, and cabinet of his affections, pronounced her these speeches following.

AH faire *Florina* ! if I might finish the period of my dayes in the cincture of thy embracement, or now sacrifice the remainder of my life before the aspect of thy divine deity, I should not only account my self favoured of the Ss. in affording

ing me such good fortune, but also esteem my enterprizes more then blisful, in being ratified by the Synod of the gods themselves : but sweet *Florina*, (and therefore sweet because *Florina*) since the angelical map of thy personage, and the sacred Zephir of thy Nectar speeches have so freed me from the chains of bondage, and unloosed me from the fetters of despair, that now before the shrine of your beauteous benignity, fair Mistresse of my thoughts, and goddesse of my conceits ! I present you with the gift of my service, the donation of my constancie, & the consecration of my fidelity, assuring you that as I have long since remained in the prison of your celestiall beauty, so I resolve to dye in being accounted your ever faithful (and never wavering) Servant to the end ; that when the fatal sisters determine to finish the catastrophe of my dayes, upartial *Charon* may testifie that in the Elizian plains, my penitential soul onely vowed to adore the beautiful image of *Florina*, as the bright *Cynosure* of eternal comfort, to whom I dedicated the generality of my terrestrial devotions.

Which heavenly speeches *Florina* no sooner understood, but over-shadowing the center of her lily cheeks with the damask canopy of a crimson vail ; having imbathed the Imps of her tender capacity in the stream of Love, and the conceits of her maiden resolutions in the flood of affection, being as it were in a very delectable extasie (albeit sudden conceited joys made her senses, yea self to tremble) she in her Ivory hand taking her snow-white handkerchif,

kerchiff, and evacuating the pearled teares from her chrystalline countenance, with a lovely (ye sorrowful) voice, she returned him this pleasan reply :

A. H Princely *Mædor* ! If my capacity were acquainted with that friendly god which ratified thy freedome, or with that favourable Saint which reconducted thee to my presence : my sincere congratulation should before their sight display with what faithful constancy I attended thy coming, and now with what sympathy of entire amity, I honour thy arrivall : therefore welcome (nay more then welcome) sweet *Mædor* to thy sorrowfull *Florina*, and millions of thanks to gracious *Mars*, for investing me captive to so fortunate a conquerour : fortunate I may well say, because in the essence of thy personage, my absolute (nay onely) solace lay imprisoned ; and if more may be, more then fortunate, in being by the enjoyance of thy prospect deprived from the residence of my accustomable disconsolations. Ah deare *Mædor*, since thy sorrowfull departure, I have lived most comfortlesse ; yet in enjoying the felicity of thy visage, I now wreath up the memory of aggravation in the cinders of oblivion ; love (yea love) because invincible affection hath so captivated my conceits, and conquered my senses, that onely I now live to serve sweet *Mædor* ; and maugre the effects of Fortune, resolute to dye in the amorous league of his desired friendship.

Mædor

Medor pondering upon this kind answer, and perceiving his conceits were exceedingly obliged to her courtesie, straining her most affectionately by her Lily fingers, and binding his partial aspects upon the Temple soyle of her Ivory incarnate visage, imbracing her again within his lovely (nay more then lovely, because most faithful) armes, he from the concavity of his joyful breast, shaped her this friendly answer.

A H dear *Florina*! whose lively sight insueth vitality to my dead senses ; banish now from thy breast the memory of sorrow, and let only the motives of contentation flourish in the Commonwealth of thy conceits ; for now before the shrine of thy sacred selfe, upon the Altar of fidelity, *Medor* presents thee with so compleat a portion of undaunted friendship, as you any way can desire, or the gods themselves distribute : And sweet *Florina*, by fortune it so falleth out, that now contrary to my expectation you are made my blisful prisoner, know Mistresse of my imaginations, an Angel of my delights, that in most honourable company I am bound for *Cicilia*, where as soone as *Æneas* and *Nep:une* shall set me ashore, I will most willingly, if you please, solemnize the Rites of our Nuptials with the contract of Marriage, and ratifie my beautiful *Florina* to be the sole and suprenie Empresse of my breasts expectation.

Florina no sooner understood the harmonious synologic of these sacred speeches, but in her

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breast

breast & capacity sweetly ruminating upon the sug-
gred Cadenca of their delectable interpretation, as-
summing her Maiden senses in the field of affecti-
on, she instantly returned him this kind answer.

Think not, sweet *Medor*, that having long since
devoted my self thy hand-maid, I wil now re-
pent me of my enterprise, and so frustrate thy ex-
pectations in the Autumn of their hopes, but rather
I pray resolve (at least if my prayers may gain ac-
ceptance in the front of your amity) that *Florina*
esteems the seale of our Nuptials to be the preamble
of her fortunacy, and the uniting of our affections
the very quintessence of her felicity ; therefore I
beseech you delay no time, but rather advance thy
enterprise, to the end that *Medor* receiving the
chief solace of his breast, *Florina* may reciprocal-
ly enjoy the desired Prince of her immortal de-
lectation.

Medor infusing her applausible resolution with-
in the affectionate profundity of his competent
censure, having his breast penetrated with more
exquisite amity then he ever thought *Venus* presen-
ted to her wanton *Adonis*, or *Dido* to her wavering
Aeneas, sending again the influence of his aspects to ad-
ratifie a mutuall combination with her Angelical
beauty, he kindly imbracing her slender waste, and
courteously giving her corall lips the impress of a red
Nectar kisse, with a gracious familiar resolutiou, west
framed her this amorous answer.

W^HY then, my faire *Florina*, make ready for your departure; to the end that I may advertise my Princely Associats of our blisfulnesse, and so prosecute our voyage to *Cicilia*. To *Cicilia*! quoth *Florina*: and therewithall the pearl'd teares trickled down her Vermilion cheeks; which *Mædor* perceiving, and admiring at her suddain sorowfulness, couragiouly demanded her the occasion of her disconsolation. Oh: quoth *Florina*, since I first heard you repeat the name of *Cicilia*, my present joyes both afresh put me in mind of my forepast miseries: for, lovely *Mædor*, having for thy sake sequestred my selfe from all company, and built up my residence in a desolate castle, thereunto unexpectedly arrived two forraigne Knights from *Cicilia*, who in reward of some small benignity I afforded them, protested very solemnly to remeare thee out (at leſt if the confines of Africa did contain thy personage.) Well quoth *Mædor*, & have you not ſince heard of their adventurous proceedings? No, replied *Florina*, whereat I much ſorrow, in respect they were amators of my paſſions, & favourites of thy affections. Thus with moſt pleauant prattle in amorous alliance they deluded the time; till at laſt Prince *Mædor* shaking himſelf out of his delicious dumps, and arousing his ſenes from their amorous plaudits, very ſecretly in his breast ſtamp'd this resolution; Why *Mædor*, are thy humane affections ſo dedicated to love, that now in entertaining *Cupid*, thou leavest *Mars* a farewel, or in courting *Cytherea*, thou leavest *Bellona* desolate? what, hath the faire aspects *Florina* (with *Circes*) ſo charm'd the fuel of thy heare, that in contemplating on her beauty, thou

intombest thy military actions in the shrine of oblivion? No, no, *Mædor*: Affections are but fancies, and love doth best resemble the flowers of *Syria*, which no sooner flourish with the splendantnesse of *Titan*, but fade with the obscurity of *Cynthia*: therefore let passionate fictions give place to fame, and let amorous conceits stoop to magnanimity.

¶ Which aspiring speeches he no sooner pronounced, but instantly his fair *Florina*, in the jollity of her best attire, rush'd from out her Cabinet; at the sudden insight whereof, forgetting his former inhuman conclusions, and now devoting his future oraifons to place the Altar of her excellency, having lost his Martia up courage in the Phisnomy of her effeminate countenance, and drown'd the motives of War in the chrystilline Vermilion of her beauty, he resolv'd to direct his pace towards her; but she perceiving his presence, determined to prevent his purpose, and so meeting him halfe waies, delivered him this lovely salutation.

Come sweet *Mædor*, let us here-hence depart, who crown our miseries with the triumphs of content; Fortune you know is variable, therefore I hope slip no time (in effecting our Nuptials) while opportunity doth present; Only this before we depart, I intreat you that these miserable slaves your conquering valour made captives, may (without prejudice of their substance or selves) have permission to depart safely.

Prince *Mædor* well liking her benign nature, and commanding her capacity for projecting so charitable a vertue, very willingly thereunto condiscended, and so taking conge of his prisoners, and commanding his Shallops to be made ready, (imbracing his goddesse *Florina* in his Princely arms) with his noise of clarent Trumpets most cheerfully departed ; but long he floated not on the surges of *Thetis*, till a favorable Zephyr gale reconducted him in safety to his ship, where courageously entering, and demanding for the Princes, answer was instantly made him, that they were in the Cabine, playing on the Lute to delight their Ladies ; whereupon leaving *Florina* (for a whiles) at the doore, down goes he to participate of their exquisite melody ; the which *Thalmeno* and *Palma* no sooner perceived, but laying their instruments apart, each particularly with his Lady went and saluted him, asking what news ? why none quoth *Mædor*, but this, that instead of a rich prize, I have found an inestimable Gem, the valuation whereof, in my conceit, may not sufficiently be numbred by the whole industrious characters of Arithmetiques faculty. No, quoth *Athelia* and *Mersilva*, why then it appeares you have lighted upon the Mint of Mexico, or else fallen soule of the Minerals of Peru. Neither have replied *Mædor*, and yet I divinely rejoice in posse sing the tenuity of so sacred a present. Whereupon *Palma* and *Thalmeno* answered, It is then like Prince *Mædor*, that you have understood some novelty from your Princesse *Florina*, or at least seen the resemblant Idea of her beautiful excellency. *Mædor* hearing

the divine name of his *Florina* repeated, cold not refraine from producing secret smiles, because the syllables of her sacred Anagram ravished his sences in an extasie of delectation; whereat *Florina* advancing her pace, presented her selfe before the compleat view of the company; at which beautiful object, *Thalmeno* and *Palma* reflecting their linced regards upon the superlative daintiness of her Angelical Physiony, presently conjectured her (as indeed she was) to be the perfect personage of admisred *Florina*; but again, not able to ratifie their suspected assurance with certainty, still contemplating on the rarity of such exquisit perfection, looking one on the other, durst not presume in adventuring to salute her; on the other side, *Florina* binding the influence of her speculation upon the mirror of their countenances immediatly (by the Architect of their complexions) deemed them to be *Thalmeno* and *Palma*; but at last after many amorous regards sent from the influence of their eyes were evacuated, *Thalmeno* refetching the sensibility of his conceits, began to esteeme that it was absolutely faire *Florina* upon the soil of which ap- plausible resolution, definitely erecting an assured foundation, he very joyfully stopt, and with a lovely kisse saluted her in this sort.

AH sweet *Florina*! thrice welcome to joyfull
Thalmeno, and millions of thanks to debonaire
fortune for investing mine eyes with the object of soli
such unexpected blisfulness! *Florina* hereat blushing
in the Lily soile of her alabaster checks (to the
spectator

spectators sight) produc'd the apparition of crys-
ton Roses; and so (after having glanced upon *Medor's excellency*) addressing her speech to Princely *Thalmeno*, she very gallantly with a modest grace, returned him this dulcid reply:

Thanks, courteous Prince, for your heroical benignity;
& more then fortunate am I, to be the essential subject of
your dilectable contentation. But here Prince Palma in-
terrupting her speeches, went majestically, and like-
wise saluted her; where betwixt these three ma-
jesticks of affection, such joyful plaudities of exqui-
*site amity was repeated, that *Athelia* and *Mersilua*,*
*(of *Florina* unseen) sitting attentively in a corner*
admired what this unlookt for prospect betokened;
for first investing the habilement of a jealous con-
jecture, they thought this minion of beauty was
of purpose come to frustrate their hopes of expect-
ed contentation: but instantly poizing the fideliti-
ty to their Princes by their own affections, and
their undaunted loves by their absolute likings,
(repenting themselves for the conceit of such un-
merited inconstancy) they both resolved in fami-
liare amity very kindly to salute them: but Prince
Medor standing aloof from their presence, and con-
jecturing by the mutability of their countenances,
that their imaginations were tosticated in the sur-
ges of perplexitie, finding a lovely remorse in his
affectionate breast, with a gallent (heroical) re-
solution went and in this sort, saluted them:

Fair Princesses, (and therefor fair, because embellished by supreame deity) This beautious Nymph (if speaking without partiality) which here presents her selfe before the influence of your contemplation, is (only) the sweet substance of my (admired) *Florina*; *Florina* I say, whose exquisite pourtrait and dainty personage I adore as the unique goddesse of my capacities felicitie.

Athelia and *Mersilva* swallowing down the Ambrosian sweetnesse of these sugred speeches, and infusing in their cerebrounties the unlook't for event of this applausible accident, demonstrating by the plaudity of their smiling aspects, that their conceits were rak'd up in the imbers of delectation, with the sympathizing unity of one melodious voice returned him this harmonical answer :

Nay then, Prince *Mædor*, we exquisitely rejoice in that Celestiall deity hath Coroniz'd the trinary of our affections with the Garland of content; and much solace in that the fancies of our conceits are so blisfully confirmed by the fortunate arrival of your divine *Florina*! Whereupon Prince *Mædor* gratifying their courtesies with thanks, and their curiosities with affection, taking each by the Lily hand, determined to go and salute his Saint; but on the contrary part, Prince *Thalmeno* and *Palma* conceiving their determination, thought to prevent their purpose, and so imbracing the Lady *Florina* in their armes, went reciprocally likewise to meet them; yea, and in such amorous sort, that each

each lovely Band advancing there pace, they at last, very affectionately approached one the other ; whereon both sides was demonstrated such super-ceremonious courtesie, that for instant joy me thought my Muse stood silent, as being ravished with pleasure in the labyrinth of delectable admiration.

To relate therefore the lovely-smiles, affectionate fighes, piercing countenances, and pleasant prattle which were banded and sent between this amorous army, were but a meritorious subject to make this my (abrupt) Pamphet swel into an ample story. Therefore to avoid prolixity, and yet in such mediocrity, as hoping not to incur the Readers indignation, I will leave to consider with what fervent desire each wish't themselves landed upon the (esteemed Paetolus) shoares of golden *Cicilia*, the which the Master of the Ship perceiving (having his breast penetrated with the consideration of their tormented amities) failed not to the utmoste of his power to shorten their Seafaring Voyage ; so that hoysting on more Saile, and plowing through the liquid intrals of *Nereus*, they at last in a radiant day (when *Titan* in his *Meridian* thron began with his splendent locks to visit the Western Plains) very fortunately espyed the desired coast of *Cicilia* ; which at first they could not well make untill the *Aetna* Promontory decided their doubt : which the master perceiving (throwing up his Cap for joy) went and immediatly advertised our *Cyprine* troop of this fortunate news ; which no sooner was by the Herald

of report bruted amongst them, but instantly leav-
ing their amorous (yet chaste) dalliance, they
very cheerfully (being desirous to repleat the in-
fluence of their eyes with so wished for an object)
most couragiouly mounted the upper Deck, by
which time the winde continually freshing, they
were almost approaching the shore : the prospect
whereof so revived their sickly senses, that Prince
~~Thalmens~~ at last seeing the Ship at an Anchor, very
couragiouly commanded the Boatsen to set them
a-land.

In which mean time the three Princesses lying to
their cabinets, did so gorgeously dight themselves
in the pride of their glistering jollity, that they ra-
ther resembled heavenly Nymphs, then humane Pa-
ragons, and Sacred Queens, then Terrestrial Per-
sonages : For their Angelical cheeks, which their
golden hair delighted to sport withall; their glo-
by fronts, within whose Alabaster circumference
the Graces range in; their piercing eyes of power,
to obscure the brightness of Olympus; and their
Ivory paps, wherein their azured veins make
their Nectar Ampythrite display such a delicate
apparition of Paphian allurement, that I absolute-
ly conjectured *Ulysses* would have stoopt to con-
temple on the soyle of their countenance; and
Jupiter himself, at their delicate sight, to be in-
vested their favourite, would have left fair *Gany-
mede* desolate upon the Downs of *Ida*. So now
the blisful hour of their departure being come, arm
in arm, like Saints of Felicity they rushed forth,

pre-

presenting themselves to their Princes; who attending their arrivall, received them with more then exquisite applause; where amongst them past so many millious of Amazon speeches, that the motives thereof, would have daunted the proudest enemie of (Angelicall) Cytherea: But in fine, they generally taking leave of the Company, (and the Shallop ready) in most exquisite Heroical manner they most gallently departed: At whose *Ultimum vale*, the Master gave such a thundering volley of Ordnance, that the rebounding Eccho thereof drove the Harbouring Cicilians into the affrighting humour of Timerositie; upon which unexpected Accident, presupposing that some Forreign Enemy was come to invade them, they in swarmes of Martiall Troops directed their course to the Sea-side; upon whose obdurate Sands with Drums couragiouly sounding, and Ensignes sumptuously displayed, they very valorously attended their Landing. Our Princes perceiving this unexpected Warlike Assembly, began immediatly to doubt the issue of their Martiall determinations; so that grounding their resolutions upon the Rock of discretion, and their imaginations upon the Bulwark of Tranquility, they afar off commanded a Banner of Truce to be demonstrated; and so evapourating feare from their courage, and timorosity from their Countenances, they very audaciously drew near the shore; Which the Cicilians espying, being desirous to know of what Countrey they were, and what this unaccustomed Alarne meant, in swarmes of Martial Troops with

with magnanimous resolutions, they advanced, to prevent their landing : But Prince Thalmeno with the rest of his amorous Associates, not passing for their flourishing bravadoes, commanded the Boatmen to row them ashore ; which no sooner was effected, but presenting their Ladies with many sugred kisses (for their *Bien Venue*) each conducting his own beautifull Saint, they very valiantly marched forwards : The Cicilians conjecturing to have fought some hot skirmish, being one-ly instead thereof met by this weake company, drag'd their Ensignes with laughter in the dust, whereas heretofore they superbiously displayed them in the aire with doughtinesse. In fine, the chiefe Commanders of the Regiments, burning with desire to know what this Martial effeminate, Tragi-Cœmedy meant, with couragious resolutions advanced their spaces to parle with them : whom no sooner they approached, but first glancing their aspects upon the beautifull countenances of the Angelicall Ladies, they at last making an Apostrophe from their Beauties, settled their sights upon the bold Complexions of the admired Knights ; so that their (Lynceus) eyes ranging circumspectly upon the valorous Physnomy of their Heroical visages, they at last very apparently perceived their Soveraigne young Prince Thalmeno to be there present : At which applausible (contemplative) Object, having their hearts conquered with instant Trophies of many delectable Triumphs, they casting aside their weapons, went and submissively prostrated themselves to his feet : which

which Prince *Thalmeno* perceiving, after having gratified their loyall affectionate humility with thanks, commanded them to Troop up their Forces, and so to accompany him and his Prince-ly associates to the Palace : Which radiant celestiall newes was no sooner bruted in the Camp, but very sumptuously in Warlike array, the porches being strewed with Laurel boughs and Roses, they gallantly marched forwards ; whereof the ancient King *Druino* being certainly advertised, (having his heart ravished with the applausible news of his Son *Thalmeno*'s arrivall) instantly commanded three superbious rich Coaches to be sent towards them, to convey him with his Princely companions to the Court, which trampling couragious Coursers, like the Steeds of *Phæbus*, made such speedy celerity, that in short time they drew neer the Suburbs of *Mesana* ; which being the capital City of *Cicilia*, was so proudly dight in the pride of her warlike jolity, that the multitude of roaring Canons, and silk (*Lis*) Ensigns being planted on the Bulwarks and Towers, rather mad me conjecture it to be famous *Troy*, then fair *Mes-*
The King his father being certified of his nee proach, accompanied with his lovely Qu-
gether with a glistering Regiment of L-
Cavaliers, very Majestically issued for them, where before the Port-Royal ously saluted each other, and in as was either in right due to the son (correspondent) besittir likewise with joyful teares !

MUTILATED

so after having generally saluted as well Prince *Thalmeno*, as *Palma* and *Medor*, with their beautiful Ladies, they in pompeous magnificence rode on to the City ; at whose joyfull entrance, the Loyal-hearted Inhabitants caused such a thundering peal of Ordnance to be discharged, that the terrible rebounding echo thereof not only affrighted *Jupiter* in his Celestial Diadem, but likewise made *Mars* himselfe tremble in the (sacred) Bulwark of his impregnable Citadel ; the streets also as they past, were beautified with many sumptuous Pageants, where to demonstrate the Citizens voluntary kindnesse, this Royal Troop was feasted with many curious banquets, presented by peerlesse Virgins of super-excellent beauty : Thus passing the streets in bravery, being impaled by the warlike young men of the City, they at last arrived to the dignified Palace ; where a double Court of Guard (commanded by the chiefe Nobles of the Island) most famously received them. To recount therefore the sumptuous Feastings, the triumphant Tiltings,

the majestical Masques, and the honourable assembly wherewith King *Druino* admiredly celebrated

val, were (I think) superfluous to this my pamphlet, and the Readers discreet capacity he can more curiously contemplate, then my Infant-Muse relate it ; by vertue of which briefly with our history :

rom point to point displayed the manner of his proceeding in the vertuous (Princely) dis-

disposition of the three Angelical Ladies (but especially of his Saint *Athelia*) he being (upon report thereof) desirous to try if the temple of her senses were adorned with such rare perfections as his Son affirmed, very privately invited her to a secret conference ; where wresting her with sundry intricate questions, as well of wit as loyalty, Love as Modesty ; he at last found her compleatly so vertuous, that comparing her ingenious qualities with her Princely descent, he accounted himself hapy to be endued with so gracious a Daughter, and his Son most fortunate in being endowed with so peerlesse a Paragon ; the Queen likewise reflecting a partial eye upon her modest gesture, and prying into the concavity of her Princely conditions, found her naturall qualities to be so adorned with the affable demonstratives of debonair benignity, that perioding her capacity with this definitive resolution, she thought her not onely to be a second *Diana* for modest chastity, but also a super-excellent *Calliope* for ingenious curiosity ; by vertue whereof, stil seriously ruminating upon the measured Cadence of her Princely educations, as also pondering upon the splendant vertues wherewith they saw the Garden of her glistering cerebrosity to be imbellished, she imediately resolved that no greater blisse could accidentally befall her Sonne, then (for his Nuptial compartner) to be graced with so sweet a Princess ; so that the Father being (applausibly) pleased, the Mother more then divinely contented, and both triumphing in the conceits of this delectable sympathy, could enjoy no solace in their estimates, nor
plea-

pleasure in their contemplation, untill they had assigned the day of desire, wherein the two darlings of Love might enjoy the fruition of their ardent affection; which was not long prefixing; for their Princely Parents knowing the frailty of youth, the force of love, the power of beauty, and the efficacy of temptation, thought whiles occasion did present, to let no opportunity slip; and therefore, in the plaudity of a pleasant humour, appointed that the next Festival (which was some twenty dayes following) their Nuptial Rites should be solemnized; which sacred divine news *Thalmeno* & *Atheliano* so sooner understood, but having their hopes elevated upon the wings of contention, flew as it were aloft, in the Celestial Paradise of eternity; so, as imbathing their curiosities in the Nectar streames of conceived solace, with many millions of amorous applauds they attended the hour wherein their expectations should be crowned with the heavenly Garland of content. But now to our other Princes and their Ladies, who being by the Herald of report advertised of *Thalmeno*'s Fortunate proceedings, burn with desire upon the Stage of Matrimony to be Actors of the like Comedy; the which *Thalmeno* perceiving, viewing their languishing sicknesse by his own tormented malady, went to the King his Father, and with a trembling Oration (the tears standing in his eyes) requested that his two Princely companions might likewise under his gracious faveur enjoy their vertuous desired Paragons; which condign proceſſe he so authentically ſolidiied, that the King his Father

Father (with direction) diving into the concavity of his Sons demand, and finding the subject of their desires to be extracted from the pure model of chaste affection, presenting pity before the stage of his eyes, and charity upon the Theatre of his contemplations, (with a debonair aspect) gave sentence, that one day should finish the general triple-cities of their marriages. The Zephir winde of which sweet novelty was no sooner by *Thalmena* transported to the ears of our amorous regiment, but *Palma* embracing his beautiful *Mersilva*, and *Medor* kissing the coraline lips of his faire *Florina*, did in the triumphs of love as it were floate upon the stremes of blisfull applause; so that their lovely conceits fetching a course beyond the confines of *Cynthia*, did (without rest) range upon the Paradise of approaching pleasures. On the other side, whiles these Imps of *Venus* were with pleasant dalliance beguiling the time, King *Draino* was not idle in making sumptuous preparations for the celebrating of their weddings: and the more to dignifie that day with heroical triumphs, he through the Carrafours of his Iland (by *Gartian* his Herald of Arms) commanded a Tournoy and Joust to be proclaimed; whereunto not onely the Nobles of his Dominions should be welcome, but also all Forreign Princes and Cavaliers (whatsoever) might have free accessse: The heroical thundring report whereof was no sooner (by the silver trump of fame) dispersed through the harbouring Nations, but thither (I meane to *Cicilia*) came abundantly flocking many valorous Troops of magnanimous

Martialists ; so that at the time of assignation, as there want d not twarms of prospectors to behold the triumphs, so these needed not innumerable of Cavaliers to satisfie their expectations. So that the joyfull day being come, which as the ingenious *Cicilians* d id illustrate with terrestrial bravery, so the gods themselves in the Synod of their resolutions did determine to stellifie with heavenly beauty : for Aurora no sooner gave the obscure night a valorous overthrow, but splendid *Titan* in his fiery Coach beyan with his golden rayes to embellish the cincture of the day ; when the streets being hung with curious tapestry, the Pageants adorned with glistering ingeny, and the Pavement strewed with *Flora*'s jollity, by many bands of Kings, Queens, Nobles, and Ladies, these our (Idalian) Lovers most majestically were conducted to the Temple ; where being by the Ring of matrimony (till the final period of their lives catastrophe) each firmly united to other, They at last in the plaudity of amorous contented imaginations returned to the Palace, where with curious feasts, sumptuous dances, and stately masks, their marriages were so magnificently solemnized, that the description thereof my eaglet Muse (nay all the instinct of *Parnassus*) cannot sufficiently relate : Therefore we will make an Apostrophe from these dignified braveries, and being overvailed with the Curtains of obscure night, bring each of these our amorous Lovers to their (terrestrial Paradise) Bed-chambers where the doors being shut, & they entomb'd within the Ivory shrine of a pair of Lawn-sheets, we will

like

likewise leave them to their amorous (divine) pleasures, and (praying *Venus* to guard them within the lists of her sacred influence) return to the next day, wherein the Heroical feats of Chivalry were to be accomplished. The morn was fair, the skyes bright, the wind calm, and *Phæbus* in his radiant pavilion delighted to grace the cincture of the day with his meridional beauty: therefore the Tilts being built, the Tents erected, the Cavaliers ready, and the Herald prepared; let us for a while give Conge to the Court, and with valour direct our History to the Campe; wherein a Gallery, Theatre-wise, was so industriously built, that the royal Assembly, and sweet Ladies might at their ease prospect all, and in safety stand unprejudic'd of any, whose glistering divine beauty so gloriously sparkled admiration to the (astonished) spectators, that the excellent contemplation thereof was not onely of compleat power to infuse valour to the most courageous, but also of exact force to make a meer Dastard prove a doughty Conqueror. Now to begin with the Articles projected for Tilling, it was thus ordain'd, That the *Cicilians* shou'd answer all commers: Whereupon by the Kings command, the Herald sounded to the Combate; when instantly, a *Cicilian* Knight gallantly mounted, entering the List, was presently met by a warlike *Hungarian*, who at the first encounter lodging his Lance in his Enemies breast, very valorously unhol'd him, making him (despight his pride) most humbly greet the ground with his Personage, whereon but even then his hor se superbiously trampled: To revenge

whose infamy, another *Cicilian* saluting the King, (fetching his cariere) galloped within the Lirts; which, as the first, was by the *Hungarian* in a moment vanquished: The King astonished hereat, by his Page royal sent the Conqueror a Present; and so extolling highly his valour, commanded two fresh Champions to be admitted; which instantly was accomplished. But wavering Fortune resolved (for a time) to smile on the strange *Cavaliers*, did by the instinct of her Camelion influence continually afford them victory; so that of twenty *Cicilian* Champions which ran that day, not one remained Conqueror, but all to their immortall shame returned vanquish'd. The whole assembly admiring hereat, could not refrain from (blushing) astonishment: the which the King remarking (instantly) commanded the Triumphes for that day to break off, and so the general assembly departed. But now as the rumour hereof was bruted abroad, and almost in the Court no other news walking; our three young Princes (I mean *Thalmeno* *Palma* and *Medor*) storming with disgrace to see their associats so defeated, (tickling their conceits with the consideration of honour) & fame likewise in their brests refreshing the embers of magnanimity, they at last gave this period to their resolutions, that the very next morn (secretly) in person (maugre the effects of Fortune) they would maintaine the Combate: Upon which resolute determination, they hied to the Kings Munition-house, and there chose each of them a green Armour of Velvet, imbossed with fixed Stars and Roses of pure beaten gold: But again, ^{to} the better to bring their purpose

to passe, they under the mask of disguise, secretly so wrought with the King, that the next morn, to decide the Combate, there should be of each side elected three chiese Champions, whereof, who soever remained Conqueror, should immortally be invested with the Olympian garland of dignified fame. Whereupon *Aurora* (hauing washt her Amber locks in the azured Plain of *Thetis*) no sooner with her *Cynthian* complexion appeared in the purpled sky, but the Drums traversing the Streets, adVertised all (as wel natives as forreigners) of the Kings intended resolution. The *Cicilian* Knights (not knowing of the three Princes determination) prepared themselves to the Combate, and so likewise did the strangers, amongst whom, they elected three magnanimous Princes, whose names anone shall be at large related. In fine, King *Druino*, the Queen, the three Princesses, with the rest of the Nobility, were againe seated in the Theatre, inwardly burning with desire to know on whose side (inconstant) Fortune would encline: whiles thus all things was ready, the Herauld no sooner sounded to the Combate, but three strange Champions entered the Lists, being gallantly mounted and dight in silver Armour, inameled with Azure, having their Plumes all white and blew, prefiguring hope: on the contrary part, whiles the *Cicilians* were in contention, which three should enter: Lo, even then three gallant Cavaliers (being *Cicilians*) unexpectedly arrived, richly mounted upon snow-white Barbarian Courfers, apparell'd in green Armour, having their Plumes crymson and white, displaying the beauty of their Ladies: the King and

company admiring what these unknown *Cicilians* (commending their audacious valour and marti-
all dexterity) commanded them to begin. So the
two foremost having made obeisance, giving
Spurs to their Jennets, very valorously advanced;
at which furious encounter, they both so glori-
ously behaved themselves, that it was difficult to
conjur whose side victory did most favour, but at
last the *Cicilian* making a short turn (as being ex-
pert in those martial actions) planting his Lance
in his enemies Crest, very gallantly bore him off the
Saddle, to the no little rejoicing of the whole As-
sembly, which for ravishing applause shouted a-
maine. The second stranger, not any thing daunted
with his fellows mis-fortune, very courageously
set forwards; who being by the next *Cicilian* as
bravely met, were both (at first) very neer dismoun-
ted: In which triumphant Combate, having bro-
ken their Lances (and sent the shivers in the Aire to
band with *Mars*) they retired; but no sooner were
they furnished by their Pages with fresh Lances,
but giving spurs to their Courfers, they again ad-
vanc'd, where the *Cicilian* so gallantly behaved him-
self, that at the next encounter he forced both horse
and man to the ground, yea and with such a ter-
rible fury, that the whole assembly conjectured he
had given the world his (last) fatal farewell; which
the third strange Champion perceiving (as having
his valorous courage inflamed with honour) with
an undaunted resolution gave Spurs to his Jennet;
so the last *Cicilian* Knight perceiving his approach,
with a fierce audacitie ran to encounter him, where
betwixt these warlike her. ical Martiallits so many

valo-

valorous feats of Chivalry were demonstrated, that the whole assembly reaped exact applause by prospecting the object of so rare a Combate but to conclude, as the influence of time giveth a full period to all terrestrial accidents, so in the twinkling of an eye, this strange Cavalier was by the *Cicilian* Knight most famously vanquished, to the no little rejoicing of the joyful spectators, and also to the delicious applause of the King himselfe, who for this fortunate victory (erecting Trophies of contention in the Center of his Capacity) came himselfe in Person to gratifie these Conquerours with his royal thanks: When (being unarmed) espying them to be his Son *Thalmere*, with the other two Princes *Palma* and *Mædor*, having his conceits elevated within the *Eden* of delectation, very courteously went and embraced them, triumphing in the Conquest of their audacious magnanimities. The Queen likewise being advertised of this unlookt for news, accompanied with the three Princesses, *Athelia*, *Mersilva*, and *Florina* (together with a glistering troop of Ladies) came likewise to salute them, and so (after many anorous speeches were past) conducted them in a most triumphant manner to the Palace; where they were no sooner arrived, but burning with desire to know what these vanquished Knights were, they so wrought with the King, that he presently dispatched a Nobleman of his (gallantly followed) to request them to the Court; when instantly, those vanquished Cavaliers (nothing daunted with the infidelity of misfortune) accompanied with many Troops of va-

lorous Knights (with a gallant resolution) directed their pace to the Court, where passing the silver Hall and golden Gallery, they were conducted to the dignified Chamber of Presence, where the King, Queene, and Princesses, under a glorious Canopy of purple imbossed with Diamonds, attended their arrivall; at whose enterance, descending their Thrones of Estate, they advanc'd to salute them. But now remark the mutability of fortune; for our three beautiful Paragons presenting themselves before their Presence (with intent to salute them) and glancing their eyes upon the physnomy of their complexion, immediately perceived them to be their (unexpected) naturall Fathers; the soudaine sight whereof so daunted their contemplations, that betwixt love and feare, they prostrating themselves to their feet, very instantly fell to the ground, demanding pardon; At which comical accident the Cavaliers prying more seriously upon their bashful complexions, found them absolutely to be their onely daughters; so that naturall affection constraining them to rain fountaines of teares from the Conduits of their eyes, being in conceit ravished with the joyful alarum-bell of this unlookt for news, they elevated them againe on their feet, and so banding their sight each upon others countenances, they in the plaudity of that heavenly contemplation a long time remained silent; but at last accumulating their wits before the throne of discretion, and steeling their tongues with the phrase of joyfull acclamation, they in sighing &c. breathed out these speeches:

Wel-

Welcome sweet Daughters to your (once) sorrowfull Fathers, and millions of thanks to celestial deity for investing our eyes with the desired object of your beautiful personages: Which King *Druino* with his Queen no sooner overheard, but perceiving them to be the happy Parents of these vertuous Ladies, in most affectionate wise graciously went and saluted them, blessing the divine hour which afforded them the honour of their presence, and exquisitely rejoicing in that by their arrivals they were made so exceedingly fortunate. The three Angelical Princesses all this while having their pleasant countenances metamorphosed to sorrowful complexions, with teares in their eyes stood trembling for timerosity, fearing least their Fathers would rebuke them for their disobedient audacity. The which their Fathers perceiving, (but not supposing that either of them were married) with chearfull countenances demanded the cause of their disconsolations; who having their senses overvailed partly with sorrowful feare, and partly with natural affection, dyeing their visages with a vermillion-blush, stood meerly silent, as trembling to incamp the avant-guard of their speeches. The which King *Druino* remarking, very boldly stopt to their Fathers, and related him, That being married without your Princely descendants, he supposed they doubted to discover it, fearing lest they should (deservedly) incurre the livery of your indignation. Married! quoth their Fathers; why, to whom? Surely, quoth *Druino*, *Athelia* to Prince *Thalmeno* my Sonne and heir apparent to my Crowne; *Mersilva* to Prince *Palma* Sonne

Son to *Blithgora* King of *Egypt*, and *Florina* to Prince *Medor* son to *Orlando* King of *Biafara*. The which these Kingly Parents no sooner understood, but triumphing in that their Daughters were so honorably matched, they amorously went, and most sweetly embraced them: King *Druino* seeing them herewith divinely contented, determining to add more applause to their ravished conceits, told them likewise that it were those three dignified Gallants (their Sons in Laws) that so valorously had conquered them; which againe administering more joy to the plaudity of their pleasant imaginations, did so tickle their conceits with Nectar applaunds, that they desired they might fix their eyes upon the object of their Sons personages, which immediately was performed; For our Heroical young Princes no sooner understood the Zephir news of this strange novelty, but instantly posting to their presence, they very obediently saluted them, imploring pardon for their audacious enterprises, which with a gracious benigne reply was soon granted them, and so embracing them (in their daughters sights) with a sweet affectionate sympathy, they in publicque view generally from their hearts, ratified that which before was solemnly solemnized. King *Druino* perceiving this unexpected Hercical meeting, remarking how these sweet Martialliss of affection were with their sweet Paragons fortunately united, failed not in most triumphant order to imbellish this dignified Assembly with sumptuous bravery: So as banqueting these forraigne Kings with such Princely entertainment as was befitting their Majestical personages, for a long time

time retained them in his Cicilian Kingdom, to the no lesse applause of his faithfull Subjects, then admiration of all forreign spectators; many dayes were expired in solemnizing these sumptuous Triumphs, the dignified honour whereof mounting the skies, will till eternity redound to the Cicilians immortall fame. The three renowned Kings seeing it now high time to draw homewards, (because they knew the publique affairs of their Kingdoms required their presence) repaired themselves to depart; and so gratifying King *Druino* for their Royall entertainment (as also taking their gracious Conge of the Queen and the Nobility of *Cicilia*) they at last (with their Princely Sons and Daughters) most sumptuously imbarqued themselves: when a favorable Zephir gale blowing them from the Cicilian coast, did most pleasantly reconduct them in safety to their own Kingdomes: so as *Thalmeno* being with his fair *Athelia* arrived in the Territories of *Zanfara*, *Palma* with his sweet *Mersilva* in the Country of *Bohemia*, & *Medor* with his dear *Florina* in the confines of *Numidia*, they all very contentedly there lived in the height of most amorous affection: till at last death (by the Dart of *Thanatos*) as summoning the aged Parents to pay nature her due, and being deprived from the vanity of this earthly Kingdome, to be invested Saints in the Celestial Monarchy, Our young Princely Martialists of love were in their stead most triumphantly Crowned, where living in delectable tranquillity, they along time reigned to their hearts continuall comfort, their soules eternall contentation.

FINIS.



The Authors conclusitive Epistle to the (Gentlemen) Readers.

Gentlemen, having finished the essence of this 'my peevish Pamphlet, and given by (for a whiles) my Rustical Muse exacte Conge (securely) to repose in the vastal or grave of silence; I began to excogitate with my capacity, whether I should produce this on my abortive Elfe before the Theatre of the worlds contemplation, or else (with the Midwifes of Egypt) make the joyfull hour of his projection, the (un-timely) sepulchre of his fatal catastrophe, so that premeditating seriously in so Tragi-comical a conflict, how to circumference my conceits within the (desired) Lists of (amiable) unity; I at last in the Chaos of my distempered cerebrosity, felt the citadel of my thoughts to be very dangerously assaulted by two martial and mortal Rivals, the one was called Discretion, the other Nature; which with authentical motives (before the Bar of my capacity) artificially pleaded for a definitive sentence: first began Discretion, who with the physiomy of a cheerful countenance, solicited, that in this golden age of Poetry (wherein Invention hath pierc'd the Aire, and is long since Chartered in the Skie) I should not presume to attribute wings to my Eagled Muse, but rather nip her audacious Plumes, and so compel her to observe a lower Climate, which

To the Readers.

which might best correspond with the influence of
her imbecility : An ardent desire I had to allow of
his exhortation ; but Nature instantly (with tears
in her eyes, and her sorrowful hair dandling about
her routhful cheeks) began with penetential sighs
to plead for audience, and so submissively prostra-
ting her self to my feet, spake as followeth : Imbrue
not thy (*Cynthian*) hands in the innocent blood of
my Pamphlet ; but rather cherish him with care,
& project him to the world, and commit him to his
al*fortuna*. Which having pronounced, they both in
a moment vanished, and so left me desolate to the
contemplation of a Legion of restlesse incumbran-
ces. Being thus tosticaied in the surges of perplexi-
ty, and almost ingulph'd in the brinish ocean of my
tears, I began to ponder on some speedy invention
which might free me from accustomed aggravations
but continually finding my mirth diverted to mi-
sery, and my exhilaration to dolefulness, I again
(from *Cylla* to *Charybdis*) fell into the dedale of ef-
feminate despair : but at last delicious consolation
(presenting me with the (*Ariadnes*) thred of com-
fort) brought me out of the labyrinth of perplexi-
ty, by falling to this (peremptory) resolution, to be-
take my Elfe to the world, thereby to enjoy the
Nectar of a future peaceable tranquility. So now
Gentlemen, by vertue of the premisses, I here send
you my Pamphlet, not apparelled in *Arcadian* suits,
nor embellished in Faery ornaments, but rather
I wrapt in a thred-bare mantle of Simplicity, stich'd
with Ignorance, lin'd with Illiterature, and fac'd
with Folly ; wherein you shall find nothing (by the
pen-

polished, but
the Poems of *Aphramius*) imperfect, and to conclude
every Line wanting the dulcid (stillified) method
of (these our times) ingenius (Parnassus) curio-
ty; nevertheless my poor unsavory Poem was pre-
destinated to be seen; and therefore, what the Fair
impose for a period, I have not presumed to contradict
with denial: Now Gentlemen, having perus'd
(at your leasures) the harsh (discordant) phras'd
of my Pamphlet, and with unpartial contempla-
tion waded through the Bryars of my imbecillity,
do stand as a trembling offendour before the benign
Bar of your favours, fearing lest meritoriously
have incur'd your (cholerick) indignation, in pre-
suming to consecrate my peevish Labours to the
stately Presse; but pardon Gentlemen I beseech you
my audacious resolution, and at the sincere impli-
cation of my Juvenility excuse my fondling Mu-
for not Charactering finer invention: mean while
If I understand you give my *Flower of Fidelity* but
the least shew of a gracious acceptance, I will this
Winter inforce my selfe to be conversant with the
Muses, and compel my quill to quaffe a (Nectar)
dram at the sacred font of *Castalia*, to the end
that the next ensuing Summer I may present you
capacities with some fine conceited Pamphlet
greater demerit.

JOHN REYNOLDS

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